March 18
1926

Life

Price
15 cents

THE THINKER

N

DU PONT DUCO

UNLIKE ANYTHING ELSE
-- IT IS DUCO, THE BEAUTIFUL, ENDURING FINISH

The days when an auto finish quickly lost its beauty are gone forever

THE initial beauty of Duco never needs renewing . . . for Duco is a thoroughbred finish . . . It does not fear the hard usage which automobiles encounter.

Your new car may be finished with Duco, for Duco is now offered as their standard finish by most manufacturers of the leading lines of automobiles.

And, at any one of the 1700 Duco Refinishing Stations in this country, your old car can be made freshly and enduringly beautiful with Duco.

Insist upon the genuine . . .
DU PONT DUCO!

THE beauty and mechanical perfection of modern motor cars are due to the vision, courage and sincerity of the leaders of the automobile industry. . . .

. . . The untiring effort which each of these men has exerted, in improving his own cars, has led to the improvement of all automobiles. . . .

. . . and the possibility of adding a single desirable quality has always outweighed the cost or inconvenience such a change might involve.

It is this unselfish devotion to the ideal of greater service which has given to the world motor cars with greater power, greater comfort, greater beauty of line and color . . . and now—

the ENDURING *beauty of* DUCO!

It is quite natural that these far-seeing makers should immediately recognize in DUCO the revolutionary differences, in appearance and service, which distinguish it from all perishable, old-time finishes . . .

. . . and that they should extend to you, in their DUCO-finished cars, *the visible assurance of enduring beauty.*

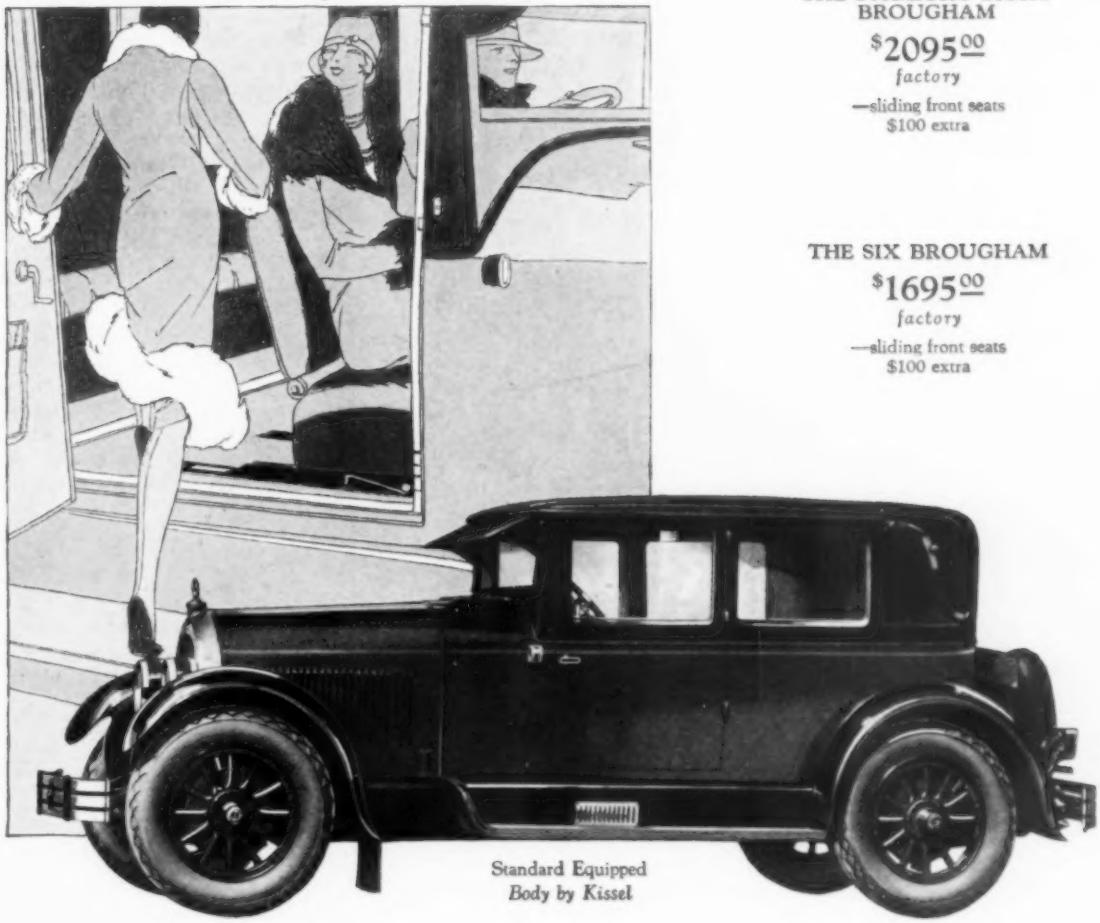
DUCO may be kept continuously beautiful with Duco Polish No. 7, made by the makers of DUCO . . . E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

DU PONT

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT



Standard Equipped
Body by Kissel

THE STRAIGHT EIGHT BROUGHAM

$2095.00
factory
—sliding front seats
$100 extra

THE SIX BROUGHAM

$1695.00
factory
—sliding front seats
$100 extra

ANOTHER KISSEL ORIGINATION

Sliding Front Seats Which Permit Easy Entrance and Exit

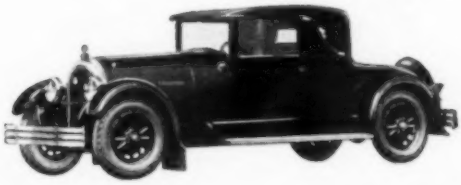
Sliding front seats, which permit easy entrance and exit to and from the Kissel Brougham, have been a strong factor in this car's outstanding popularity.

This innovation eliminates entirely the practice of scrambling over passengers. By simply turning a lever, front seats slide backward or forward on a rail, allowing ample room.

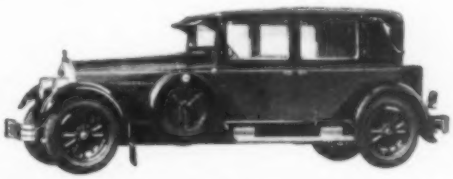
Moreover, it is a particularly desirable feature for those who are not average size, because the driving seat may be locked into the position which is most comfortable.

Sliding Front Seats, DeLuxe Velmo Mohair upholstery and a special color combination of deep moleskin with contrasting orange wheels, may be had for $100 extra.

TWO OTHER KISSEL INNOVATIONS FOR 1926—



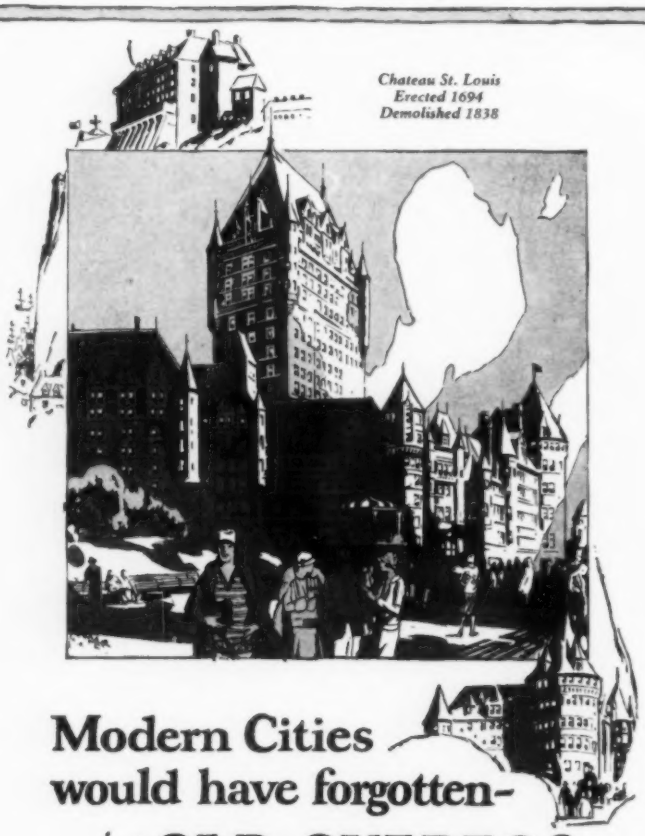
The new All-Year Coupe Roadster—two cars in one. The two-passenger Six at $1695, the Straight Eight at $2095 f. o. b. factory



Long wheelbase for easy riding, the 137-inch wheelbase DeLuxe Straight Eight Brougham Sedan $2985 f. o. b. factory

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Pub. Co., at 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, $5.00. Vol. 87, No. 2263. March 18, 1926. Entered as Second Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright, 1926, LIFE, in the U. S., England and British Possessions.



Modern Cities would have forgotten—

***but* OLD QUEBEC?**

On the cliff of Old Quebec is America's most romantic site.....There, in 1620, France built her stronghold in the New World, Ft. St. Louis. In 1694, her governor's mansion, Chateau Louis. Round them raged 150 years of struggle for empire.....There, in 1892, Canadian Pacific built another medieval chateau,—Chateau Frontenac, hostelry extraordinary. Chateau Frontenac grew. First, a long wing. Then, more wings, towers. Finally, in 1923, a great keep rose to the sky. Chateau Frontenac became truly the castle baronial. The original chateau shrunk to a mere out-tower. But, to Old Quebec, it held all the sentiment of that historic site. For, Quebec treasures the old. 17th Century Normandy lives and throbs in its rues and maisons.....And so, this original out-tower is being restored..... Today, you find within Chateau Frontenac's castled walls, 550 modern rooms with bath, luxurious public spaces, most modern service. This June, you will also find the new, old part,—the original tower, fully restored. This spring! Surely a dramatic time to visit "Normandy in America". Early reservations are advised. Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., New York; 71 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago; or, Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Can.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC

BIENVENUE À QUÉBEC

Conversation in a Taxi After the Theatre

"DO you Charleston? Silly dance, isn't it? What about these fast one-steps? Do you like them? They tire me terribly. And the new forms of the tango....I love the old-fashioned waltz. It makes me think of Vienna and Strauss. I really believe that some day we shall see the revival of the old dances, like the reel and the schottish. Oh, by the way, do you dance?"

"No, do you?"

"No. I was just making conversation."

* * *

"Do you care much for Henrici's? They serve wonderful sea food there. Don't you like lobster, oysters, or shad? Tea rooms bore me. But I don't mind the little coffee shops at all. Just a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee there. Oh, by the way, are you hungry?"

"No, are you?"

"No. I was just making conversation."

* * *

"Pretty night out, isn't it? I certainly loved the hero in that play tonight. The way he kissed—long and lingering, you know, and his embrace. ...Oh, those soulful kisses! I love them. There is unspeakable ecstasy in a kiss. Oh, by the way, do you neck?"

"Yes, do you?"

"No. I was just making conversation."

Raymond Kresensky.

A Great Invention

TO the Editor.

DEAR SIR:

I have a great invention and wish you would advertise it for me free of all cost to me. My invention is this: a device for making stamps permanent. Simply use a transparent corner on the envelope and place the stamp beneath the transparent paper, inside of the envelope. When the postmaster takes a whack at the stamp to cancel it he won't touch it. The recipient can use the same stamp for sending the reply. In fact, the same stamp can be used *any* number of times. The Government will soon be saved the expense of printing new stamps, and think of the great saving to the millions of users in the United States.

My next invention will be a washable and re-usable envelope so that the postmaster's marks can be washed off the transparent corner.

Entirely too much money is being spent for stamps and envelopes.

N. G. Near.

BARBER (*to customer*): And what will you have on the hair, sir?

CUSTOMER (*in a very bland voice*): A wreath of smilax.

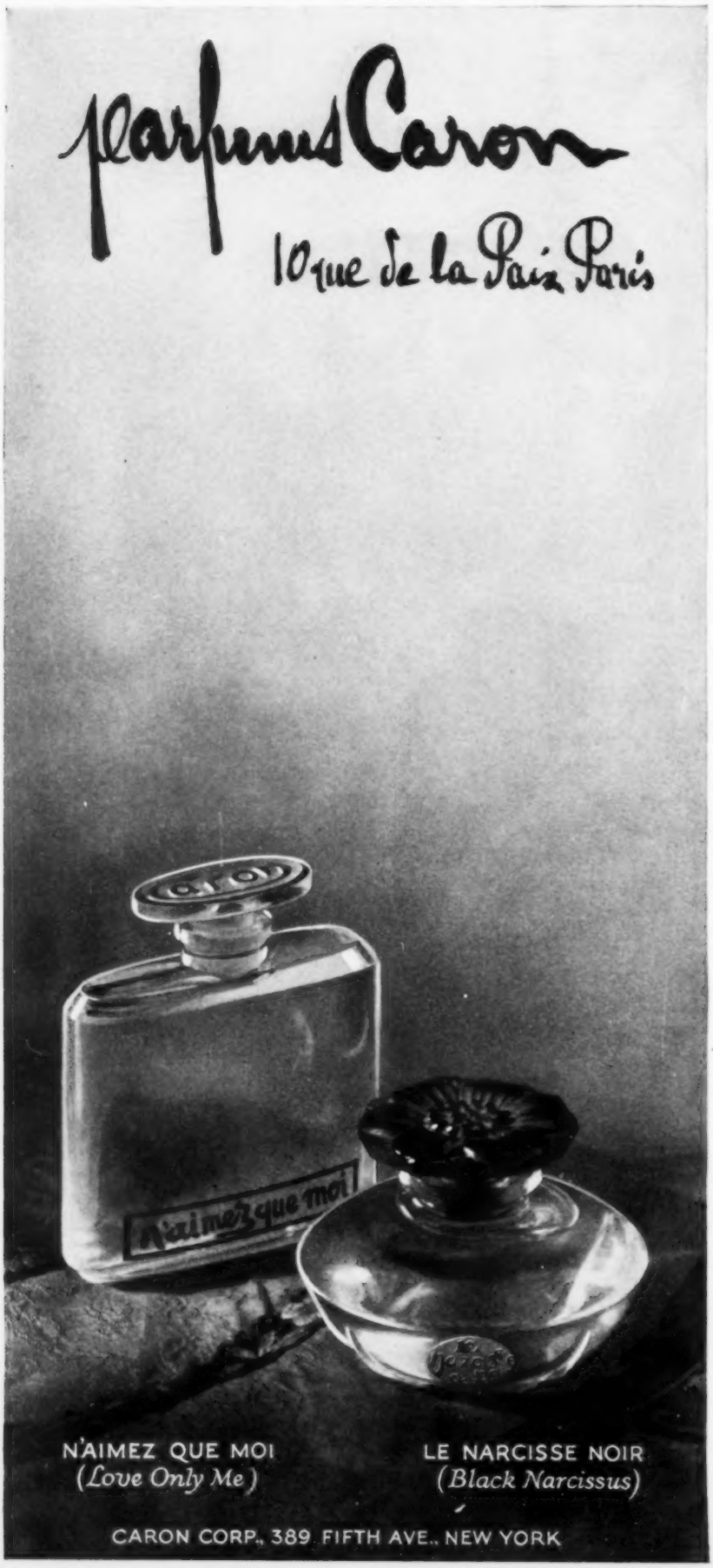
Enjoy The New Sensation!

With meals, between meals — whenever your throat calls for an out-of-the-ordinary drink — take White Rock Ginger Ale — the new pale Ginger Ale sensation made from the world renowned White Rock Water.

It's in restaurants, hotels, and clubs — you'll like it even better in your home. Carried by grocers.

Bottled only at
The White Rock Spring
Waukesha, Wisconsin

White Rock Ginger Ale Pale



The Failure of Knowledge

THE young executive dashed into his office, seated himself at his desk and pressed the buzzer button three times. This announced his desire that a stenographer wait upon him *at once*.

He had just returned from an executives' meeting. "Don't be too modest," the speaker, a very, very big executive, had shouted. "If you know anything don't be afraid to let your subordinates know that you know it. They won't respect you unless you show 'em you know more than they do."

The buzzer sounded twice. This announced that the young executive was annoyed by the delay.

"Letter!" he snapped as a stenographer entered.

"...and we find that the margin is imperceptible—I'll spell it—'i' for incongruity; 'm' for monocular; 'p' for perspicacious; 'e' for equilateral; 'r' for recapitulate; 'c' for circumvolution; 'e' for expropriation; 'p' for propitiation; 't' for tautology; 'i' for imperturbable; 'b' for bicephalous; 'l' for luminiferous; 'e' for extemporaneous—imperceptible—therefore we..."

"MyGawdIwasfittobetied," the stenographer told her boy friend that night. "Who said big business men is live guys? They took up crossword puzzles this noon. I cut 'em out a year ago." *Gerald Cosgrove.*

Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR SON:

As soon as I read in the paper that your college monthly had been suppressed I sent you the wire of congratulation, I know how happy you must be as editor of the publication.

I well remember my first real college triumph, when, after three years of trying, I finally made the football team. The coach put me in for the last minute of play of the last game of the season with the score sixty-three to nothing against us. In that minute I received a broken collar bone and contusions of the scalp. But I recall that I rushed to the telegraph office and wired my father that I had made it at last. I must have been almost as jubilant as you are now with your suppressed issue.

I know this has been your ambition ever since you entered college. I am glad the suppression you have so deservedly won is by the Post Office Department and not merely by the faculty. That makes it so much more impressive. Now if they would just fine you and lock you up you could graduate in June knowing that your college career had been an unqualified success.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

McC. H.

"It's almost a miracle!"

SOMEONE suggested it to her—or, did she see it in an advertisement? Listerine, for the hair and scalp—particularly when you have dandruff, and so many women are troubled this way.

Dandruff is *most* of a nuisance when your hair is bobbed. (At least you notice it much more then.) Her hair had been bobbed only recently. And that was when she discovered the trouble.

But just a few applications of Listerine, doused on clear after a shampoo, made a difference that seemed almost miraculous to her.

It is really wonderful the way Listerine acts when applied to the hair and scalp. Invigorating, refreshing. And how it brings out that luster and softness that women want—and men like.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

91 *The Book of Hosiery*

THE smartest dressed feet in the world are those of the men and women of America. And yet that *greater security and elegance* have come to them as a downright economy.

Finer hosiery *at low cost* has been a distinguished Phoenix achievement.

And always to the manner made!

Snugness of fit, snappiness of style, refined taste in colorings, have helped to make and keep Phoenix leadership. But Phoenix has become the best selling hosiery in the world principally because it has brought to the strenuous feet of men, women and children, longer mileage of hard wear at low cost.

PHOENIX

WDT

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MAR 16 '26
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Life

The Tabloid Reporter at Work

SCENE: *Any apartment house in New York.*
CHARACTERS: *A middle-aged lady; a young man with shiny trousers.*

REPORTER: Mrs. Silbermann?

LADY: Yeh, yeh. What's it, pliz?

REPORTER: Well, I just happened to be in the neighborhood and this looked like as good an address as any. First name?

LADY: Lena. But for why—

REPORTER: We'll call you Sylvia instead. Sounds better. And Silver instead of Silbermann. Sylvia Silver, howzzat? Husband's business?

LADY: Der tseegar store he's got on der corner. But—

REPORTER: "Young and beautiful bride of the famed 'Tobacco King.'" Thinking of divorcing him, Sylvia?

LADY: Diwore??!! Yi, yi, yi, yi! Nu, nu, soitnly not, but—

REPORTER: "Although tearfully disclaiming that a rift had entered the lute of their marital bliss, the pretty little wife ended with one significant word—'*but*.'" Who's the other man, Sylvia?

LADY: Der odder man? Say, from what you talkin' about? Me und mine hosbend we live alone here, ocksept yoost now we got stayin' with us his nevvy—yoost lended from Roosia, wot he don't spik no English, wot—

REPORTER: "And then into this happy home stalked grim Tragedy—tragedy in the person of a handsome Russian nobleman, Count Sergy Boris—" What's your husband's nephew's name?

LADY: Max.

REPORTER: Sergy Boris is classier. "She—the untutored daughter of the countryside; he—the polished man of the world. And then—the old, old story." Anything to add to your statement, Sylvia?

LADY: Statement? I ain't made no statement. Say—

REPORTER: "'I can say no more,' she concluded, her eyes downcast. 'It is for my sisters—the wives and mothers of America—aye, and the men, if *men* there be, to adjudge me.'" Well, Sylvia, old bean, this is a *story!* This'll knock the old boy out of his chair. No matter about a picture. We'll dig up something at the office. Thank *you! Good*-by!

LADY: Say, wot— *Tip Bliss.*

"WHO'S THE LITTLE GIRL?"
"G'WAN! YE'RE JEALOUS 'CUZ HE'S ME BOY FRIEND!"

From a Club Chair

WHENEVER I am away from town and the club for a few months, I make a practice of going to a revue the first night of my return in order to become readjusted to all the old jokes.

* * *

My chief objection to marriage is that it works such a great improvement in a man.

* * *

Quite a few of our modern novels need to be taken with a grain of saltpeter.

* * *

Human nature is inexplicable; what a bootlegger represented to me as old Port proved to be, on analysis, old Port.

* * *

It has taken several millions of years to achieve a civilization in which the only indispensable person is the bootlegger. *James Kevin McGuinness.*

Backward

MOTHER: What made your teacher scold you this afternoon?

HAROLD: I was the only guy in class who couldn't suggest a way to stop the crime wave.

"THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT DIVORCE—IT DOES KEEP MARRIAGEABLE MEN IN CIRCULATION."

SO CHEERFUL

"MOTHER, I JUST GOT THE LOVELIEST LETTER FROM LOU."

"WHO?"

"LOU!"

"OH! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"NOTHING'S THE MATTER. SHE JUST GIVES ALL THE FAMILY NEWS. SHE SAYS THAT ETTA——"

"WHAT DOES SHE SAY IN THE LETTER?"

"I'M TELLING YOU! SHE SAYS THAT ETTA'S JUST COME OUT OF THE HOSPITAL FROM AN OPERATION, THEY HAD TO TAKE SEVEN STITCHES! NAN AND IRV HAVE SEPARATED—HE WANTS A DIVORCE AND SHE WON'T GIVE IT TO HIM. LITTLE MAY'S VACCINATION DIDN'T TAKE. HORACE HAS LOST HIS JOB AGAIN AND UNCLE BEN'S TRYING TO GET HIM ONE THIS TIME. THE WATER PIPE IN THE BATHROOM BURST AND THE DINING-ROOM CEILING FELL IN. SARAH WHITCOMB DIED AT LAST—WAS BURIED WEDNESDAY. NOBODY WE KNEW WAS AT THE FUNERAL EXCEPT KATE PURDY, AND SHE'S HAD TO HAVE ALL HER TEETH PULLED. SHE MET PAULA TYSON AND THEY'VE LOST ALL THEIR MONEY. OLD ED CLOSSEN WAS ARRESTED FOR BOOTLEGGING——"

"DOES SHE SAY HOW MILLIE'S STUMMICK IS?"

"YES. SHE'S GOING TO ANOTHER DOCTOR NOW!"

"OH, WHAT A NICE LETTER!"

"YES, LOU ALWAYS DID WRITE A GOOD LETTER."

The Easiest Way

A PETITION for beer and light wines from sixteen hundred residents of Wyoming was read to the Senate the other day by Senator Kendrick. Why not, instead of petitioning for it, just buy it?

The Skeptic

GARRY (*reading newspaper*): Miami, Florida, now does a telegraph business next to New York and Chicago.

BARRY: I see. Telegraphing home for more money, eh?

A Determination

I'VE heard there's never any drouth
Of bugs down in the sunny South.
They crawl, they creep, they leap, they fly,
In buggy unanimity.
The spider and the scorpion speed
Along with roach and centipede,
While jigger and mosquito make
Life an eternal itch or ache.

Yet when I wade through sloughs of slush
Of the consistency of mush,
And hear the radiator wheeze
As though afflicted with disease,
And feel the furtive cold steal in
And seize my foot or nip my shin,
I think I'll pack my rags and rugs
And go and dwell among the bugs!

Clinton Scollard.

Thirty Years of Repartee

In the Gay Nineties

"SO as soon as he sees that the little red devil is busted down, he stops and takes a look. 'Rubberneck, stretch it, throw it up and ketch it,' I says. 'Get a horse,' he yells. 'Twenty-three!' I comes right back at him. 'Skidoo!' I yells. 'Nit!' he says. 'Hullabaloo-ballim-ballam, smelly pork and rotten ham,' I tells him. 'Good-by, Dolly, I must leave you,' he informs me, sarcastic-like. 'Good riddance to bad rubbish,' I calls after him. Gee, but it was funny!"

"You gotta peach of a line there, kid. You certainly oughto go on the stage."

In the, as Some Tell Us, Even Gayer Twenties

"So I can't get the super-het to manipulating, so he creaks, 'As a wirelesser you're a swell glass-blower, handsome.' So I says, 'So's your old man.' So he snaps, 'Tell that to your Uncle Benny.' So I gives it to him, 'Tell it to your Aunt Maria.' 'You're a heavy sugar papa, ain't you?' he yodels. 'Sure,' I checks him, 'if you're a red hot mama.' With that he sinks like a anchor. 'Outa my life like a light,' I toodles after him. Gee, but it was funny!"

"You gotta peach of a line there, kid. You certainly oughto go on the stage."

Moral

The stage has certainly lost some great humor in its time. Or has it?

Tip Bliss.

Dick Turpin, Robin Hood and Jesse James: So they call *that* a bandit !

House-Wrecker: GOLLY! WHAT A FINE BUILDING THAT WILL BE TO TEAR DOWN.

The Devil Dogs

THE battle was raging. The brave, gallant soldiers were dropping like flies. It was terrible.

In his dugout the General paced the floor in agitation and swore volubly. "My God, where are the marines? Why don't the reserves arrive?"

For three days he had been waiting for a detachment of marines. A few hours more and it would be too late; his army would be wiped out, and the war would be lost.

At last! A courier dashes into headquarters; in his hand he holds a dispatch. The General tears open the envelope with trembling fingers, and reads aloud the message.

"GENERAL BLANK: Very sorry we cannot send the detachment of marines, as they are unfortunately tied up with a contract with the Metro-Goldwyn people for one year. The U. S. Marines have never broken a contract.

"(*Signed*) SECRETARY OF THE NAVY."

Newman Levy.

Success

THE woman who married a man to reform him now has a daughter who does things he never even heard of.

Ten Years

	1916	1926
RELIGION	Salve for scissorbills	Gravy for go-getters
Uncle Sam	Smart guy	A blank.
Nietzsche	Brute	Old lady.
Prohibition	Ha, ha	Oh, hell.
Young Lady	Ears exposed	Torso covered.
Laws	Why we are good Americans	Joe Miller stuff.
Intoxication	Staggering	Stiff.
Immoral	Off-color stories	"Kills Girl, 18, in Love Nest."
Bandits	Daring scoundrels	Bored boys.
The Army	What you join when you're drunk	What you join when you're insane.
Congress	Titter	Two titters.
Radio	God's gift to crews of sinking ships	God's gift to windjammers.
Pedestrians	Humans	Lice.
U. S. Agents	Gentlemen	Algæ.
The President	(Dem.) The Great Humanitarian (Rep.) Cowardly politician	(Rep.) Great thinker because he doesn't talk. (Dem.) Poor talker because he doesn't think.
Auto	Luxury	Necessity.
Groceries	Necessity	Luxury.
Sex Talk	Bad for any one under 21	Bad for any one over 78.
What girls should avoid	Strange men on trains	Halitosis.

Gerald Cosgrove.

Qualified

THIS country is being urged to join in the next disarmament conference, and it would be the irony of something or other if our delegates were all to come from New York and Chicago.

ANOTHER CASE FOR THE POLICE

Retribution

I THINK, if there is justice in the great, all-seeing Plan,
That some day good St. Francis will be sent to say to Man,
"For many years you've ruled on earth as undisputed Kings,
But now the time has come for all the dumb, four-footed Things.
Whatever you have done to them, in passion or in spite,
The little helpless birds and beasts may do to you this night."
At that the cages in the parks will burst their barred doors wide,
And cruel keepers, lashed with whips, will find themselves inside.
Big, weary horses will lie down in wagons strewn with hay,
And let their drivers pull and groan throughout an endless day.
All kittens will depart at once for creamy, warm resorts,
While cruel Mistress, left behind, may freeze as Puss disports.
Wild animals will hunt with guns, and fashion painful traps,
While little flapper squirrels sport men's scalps as summer wraps.
And even angels, looking down, may laugh a little, too,
To watch the tricks the puppies make their cringing masters do.
But never can this come to pass upon the earth. I know
No Animal could bear to see a Human suffer so!

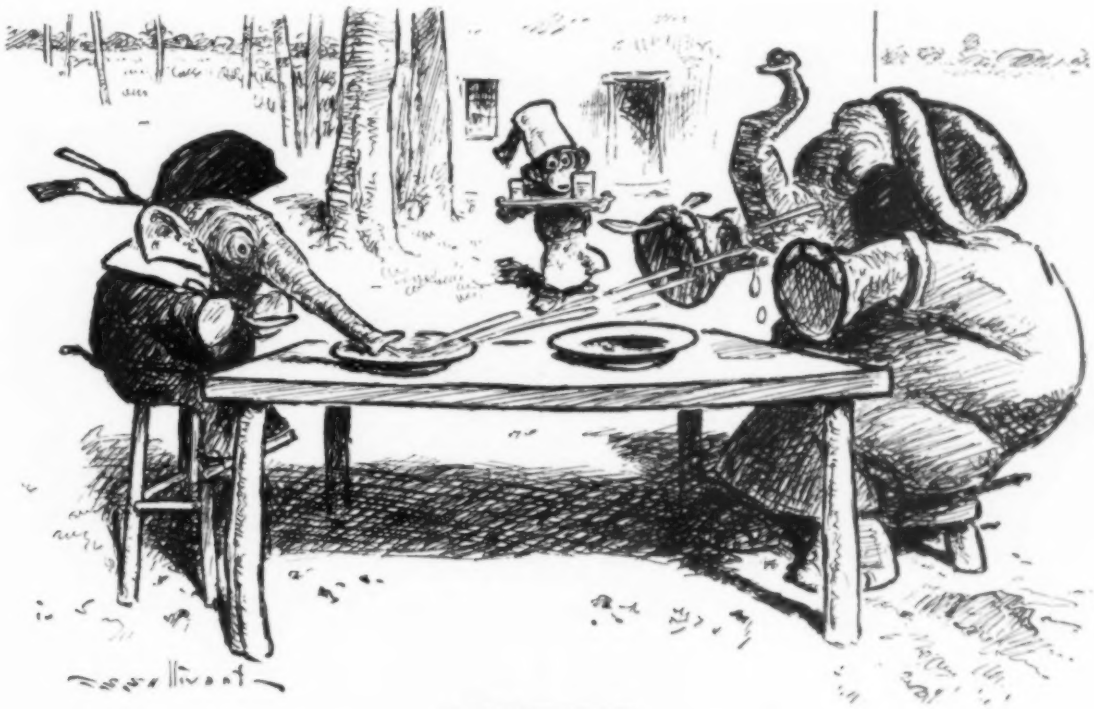
Olga Owens.

"WHY DO YOU GO AROUND WITHOUT A HAT IN WEATHER LIKE THIS?"
"IT'S GOOD FOR THE HAIR."

Completing the Easter Budget

"JOHN," said Mrs. Smith timidly, "I'm afraid Eloise will have to have a new hat, too. The one she has is so shabby that I am ashamed for the poor child to be seen carrying it in her hand."

AMONG the unsung heroes of the current academic year is the self-made father who is working his son's way through college.



JUNGLE ETIQUETTE

"HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU *never* TO BLOW ON YOUR SOUP WHEN IT'S TOO HOT?"

TUSH! TUSH!

Teeth (the upstage name for Tushes) are of fifty-seven kinds and they well repay deep study by our so-b'rer, keener minds.

The outstanding facts are sev-'ral, but they shouldn't stand too far; that is, not too far outstanding—they're called Buck-Teeth if they are.

Rare is he who sports the two-and-thirty chewers known to man; Molar, Gopher, Eye and Tummy in his facial map, or pan.

Rarer still who sports a fully furnished dental dining set unadorned with gold or gutty, concrete, or a dental debt.

Dentists say bad Teeth can give us leprosy or pip or fits and they know from what else ails us, in which tooth the trouble sits.

If you've moles, they pull a Molar; stomach ache, a Stomach Tush. Vision bad?—the Eye Teeth vanish. So on, till you can't chew mush.

Half a year of toothless tedium, waiting till the gooms get hard; then at last you're chewing something harder than warmed-over lard.

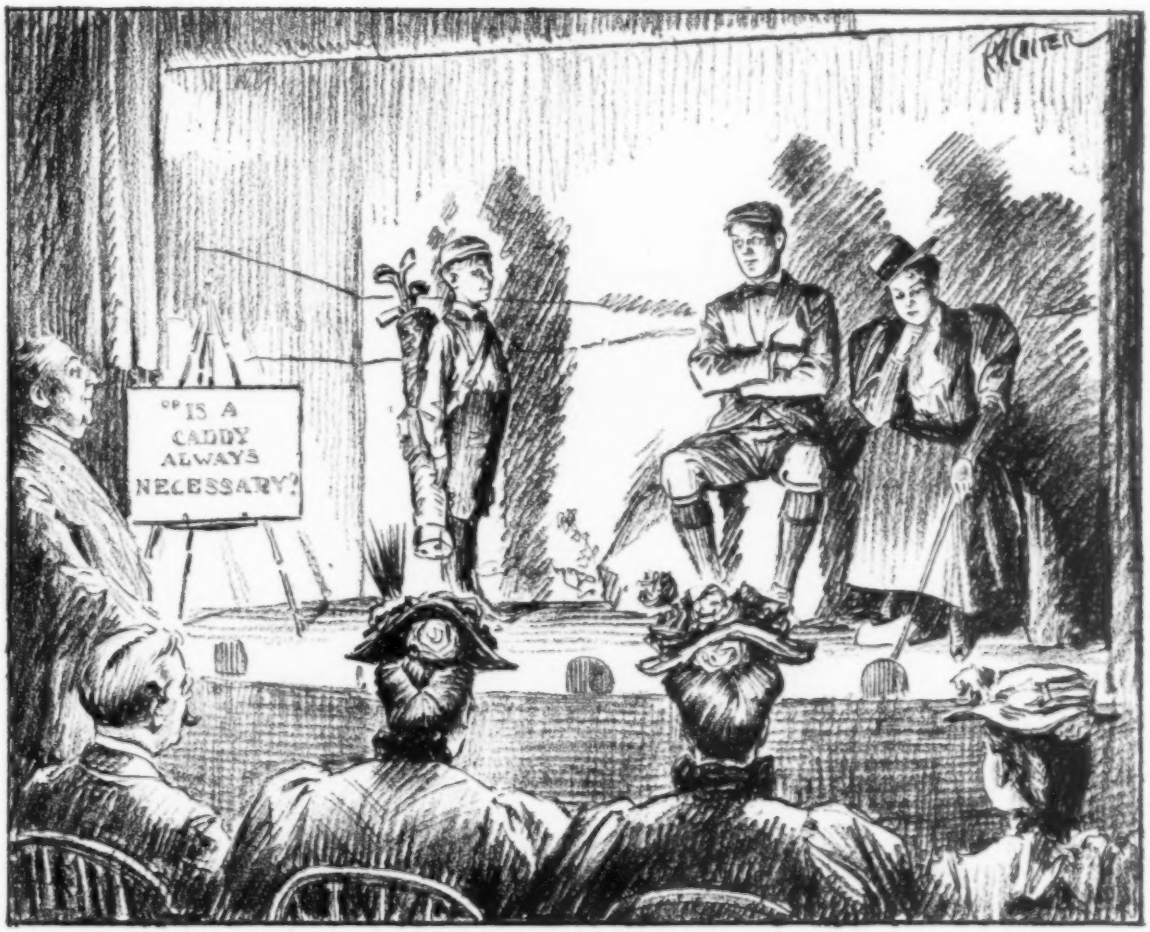
I sure hope the M.D. doctors duck the dental theories—dock the ears for erysipelas? What possibilities!!

Like that bygone law for children, dealing with the spoken word, Teeth should show, in moderation, but they never should be heard.

One can tell Store Teeth from Home-Grown, not by sound, but when they ache. (One can tell some children nothing, for the noise the darrrrrrlings make.)

Store Teeth come in these two classes: Put-and-Take and Clinch-For-Keeps. P-Ts spend the night in glasses, laving while the owner sleeps.

Like a verb or invitation, Teeth are subject to decline—Pearl, Old Ivory, Moss Agate, gathering trouble down the line.



THE GAY NINETIES . . . THE GIBSON TABLEAU

Father Looks at a Family Car

OH, but certainly, mademoiselle, an ashtray! But certainly, a match and cigarette holder, delicately scented for mademoiselle's delight. See, too, the—but certainly, madame! Simply press this button and a complete permament wave outfit drops from the top and does madame's hair automatically on her way to lunch. Observe also these two straps hanging alongside, which joined by this bar make a perfect trapeze for the young gentleman wishing to practice the tricks of the acrobat after the circus has been in town. Yes, mademoiselle, as you have observed—a dresser, completely equipped to remedy damage to the coiffure when one has, shall we say, been necking a little in the car during the country club dance. Rouge pot, accessories and flask complete, and, of course, hairnets. And—yes indeed, young sir, a complete marbles ring, skating rink and football field in the tonneau, which—yes, madame, face massage machine for you and—yes, mademoiselle, clippers for the hair and—yes, young sir, a complete rabbit hutch and—I beg pardon, sir? You inquired——? Hm, I suppose there must be one; this is the most completely equipped car on the market. A moment while I call the sales manager. Here he is. Mr. Gomble, this is Mr. Flafferty. Mr. Flafferty wants to know, Mr. Gomble, if the car has a—what was it, Mr. Flafferty? Oh, yes, an engine. It has? I thought so! I told Mr. Flafferty that ours was the most completely equipped car on the market! Certainly, madame, you may have it to-morrow. Sign here, Mr. Flafferty, if you please. Thank you!

Baron Ireland.

"WHAT! ONLY ONE BATH IN THIS APARTMENT!"

Infinite Complexity

MRS. TAYLOR: Modern life is so complex.

MRS. KAYLOR: Isn't it? Everybody has one.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

February 21st Early this morning I did have a terrible dream in which my teeth fell out one by one, and so great my relief to awaken suddenly and find it but a fantasy that I did arise at once and fare over to St. Bartholomew's for Lenten service, wherefrom I derived much edification of spirit. Came home filled with a fine resolve to lead a more godly life and spend the Sabbath in quieter and nobler pursuits, so when I did discover Sam and several of our cronies sprawled on the library floor casting dice with the fervor and vocabulary of street urchins, I did withdraw to my own apartments with as much dignity as I could muster, and it was well for Samuel later that he did present me with the ninety-six dollars which he gained, for I was minded to rebuke him for such unseemly conduct. But after all, it is my misfortune and not his fault that we live so near his club. The afternoon gone in writing notes devoted to my affairs, one of which was to stop my subscription to *Punch*, the reason therefor being sheer weariness of the difficult business of getting it out of its wrapper without dislocating or maiming a finger. A fair-sized company in from four on, Eloise Brown bringing me a fine present of a perfume called *Toujours Fidele* and the news that she has ordered a Chicago establishment to send me some genuine rum drops to put in my tea, and when I have them I dare say I can persuade Samuel to drink an occasional cup when our Aunt Caroline is with us. Lily Dunham, the bride, did tell me that she has much more credit than she can ever use at the various great jewelry shops to which she returned wedding presents, which I deemed silly talk, and said so. Lord! I can imagine nought more wonderful than to be given *carte blanche* at Black, Starr and Frost's. To supper this evening with Charlie and Bedelia Falls, and they did give us for a present the loveliest Georgian tea caddy that ever I saw in my life, a handsome gesture, methought, on top of Sam's having been holpen thrice to the tomato aspic.

February 22nd About betimes, looking into my household matters, and when I did behold the outrage of the greengrocer's slip, I did weigh the order of endive upon my bathroom scales, a proceeding which caused my husband, poor wretch, to guffaw throughout the day whenever he thought of it, in especial as it turned out that any error had been to our advantage, but I said nought, being always content to provide him with amusement and a new topic of conversation. Some argument, though, about the white frills which he does want me to wear around my neck and wrists, forasmuch as wearing light chamois gloves through a soft coal winter in concession to his wishes would seem to be almost enough. It is a strange thing that a man's dictation about his wife's raiment should always be based on some pleasant memory from his infancy or adolescence, and never by any chance coincident with current fashion. Still, if a wife be not fair to her husband, what price to her that every woman in the room knows that the shirring at her shoulder line added fifty dollars to her sempstress's bill? To Marge Boothby's for cocktayles this afternoon, finding there Molly Smith and her ten-year-old boy, and the child did quaff half of a dry Martini which his mother set down before anybody did perceive him. He is beginning early to be a rounder, said Sam. Yes, returned Molly, when I complained of my so many solitary evenings in the country last summer, he remarked that my loneliness could be easily obviated by not making him go to bed so early. To a great party this night at Charlotte and Louis Bishop's, and I did lose nine dollars at cards, but Sam gained eleven, which set him up unreasonably. *Baird Leonard.*

"YES, I KNOW THAT GRANDMA IS OLD AND FEEBLE—BUT I THINK SHE SHOULD BE *made* TO SWEEP UP HER OWN CIGARETTE ASHES!"

Open-Handed

"IS your rich uncle reckless with his money?"

"Yes; the last time I visited him he bought me a railway mileage book and told me to go as far as I liked."

It's Getting Harder and Harder to Dodge

Life Lines

YOU can now buy a Lifetime fountain pen and a Lifetime watch: where is the genius who will bring forth a Lifetime trousers button, a Lifetime permanent wave and a pair of Lifetime garters?

Of course, the Lifetime marriage went out of fashion years ago.

Iowa's swine population is 8,332,162. The census director neglected to announce whether these figures include motorists who smirk when they see other motorists changing tires.

With the latest reduction of the New York Prohibition enforcement staff, Administrator JOHN A. FOSTER has 175 men to stop liquor sales in New York City, Long Island, New York State as far north as Albany, and all Connecticut. And yet the ancient hero-worshipers used to speak well of those brave Spartans who attempted to hold the pass at Thermopylæ!

Chicago, in requesting the aid of Congress to get rid of its undesirable element, might at least have promised to do as much for Congress in return.

Another well-meaning individual who may experience more than his quota of difficulties is the son of a Charleston contest winner who tries to follow in his father's footsteps.

An Italian tenor cancelled a concert engagement upon receipt of a threatening letter. Now that's an idea!

It might be pertinent to suggest to headline writers who specialize in breach-of-promise suits that one of Mr. WEBSTER's definitions of "balm" is, "A fragrant ointment; the exudation of certain trees"—or, as some of us slangy boys say, "banana oil."

A Royal Puff

(From the Intimate Papers of Colonel House)

"I was shown up to the King's study, where we had nearly an hour's talk....

"I asked if he had seen the 'John Bull' number of LIFE. He surprised me by saying that he had taken LIFE for twenty-five years and read it with much pleasure. He was delighted to hear something of its editor, Edward S. Martin."

ENGLAND is to be congratulated on the possession of a King who is not afraid to Obey That Impulse.

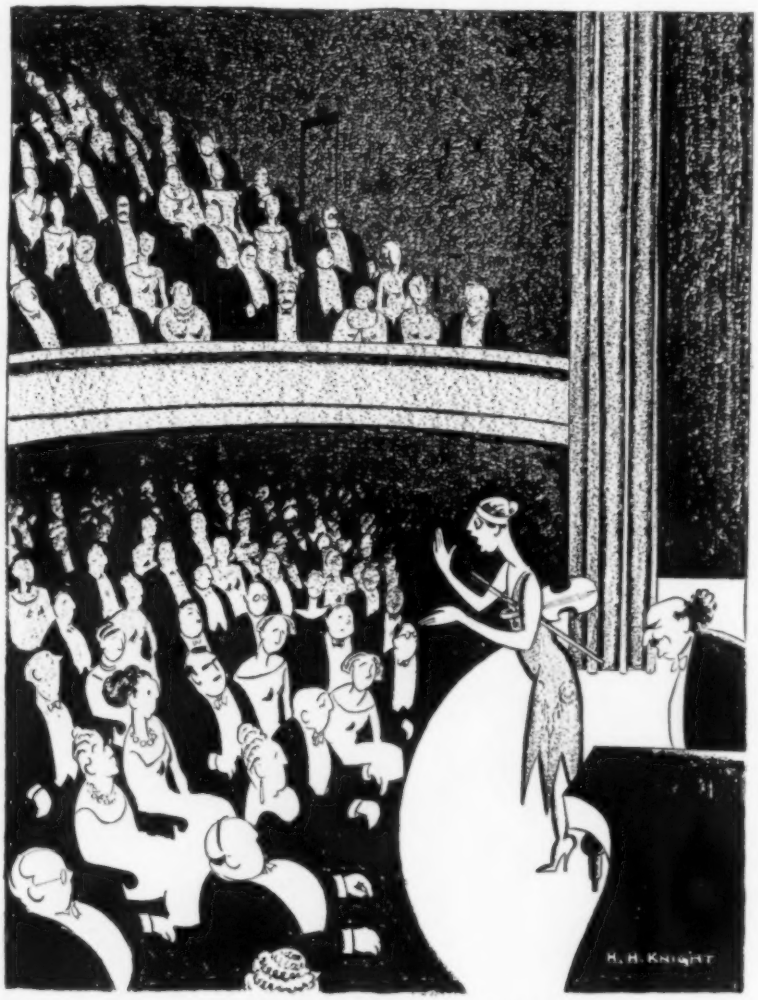
Gentlemen *Do* Prefer Blondes

SO if you like us wide-eyed, very well;
And honey-haired, and plump and soft and white;
Your Turkish streak is strong, and so you fell.
(You won't admit this but you know I'm right.)
She lisped a little, called you Mithter Man,
And turned her ankle underneath the moon—
(Imagine that from me—in case you can!)
You loved it all and ate it with a spoon.

I do not blame you, really, in my heart.
I am red-haired and thin and marked for strife.
We fought and glared and argued from the start;
She said: "Where have you been, dear, all my life?"...
It's true, Miss Loos. They like us fair and fond.
What chance has a tart titian with a blonde?

Jacqueline Embry.

FLORIDA may be crowded, but there's always boom for one more.



WHEN THE ARTIST APPLAUDS THE AUDIENCE, *that's* NEWS

Uncle George's Train Games

Jolly Ways for Commuters to Start Their Days

ARE there not mornings, Fellow Commuter, when you wake up just brimming with fun? You laugh as you shave, sing as you bathe, chaff your wife at the breakfast table and scamper merrily to your train, leaving her without any money.

This is the "play instinct." What you need is a good romp before settling down to the cares of the office. What better opportunity than on the train? The car is full of potential playmates, some no doubt feeling just as you do, others perhaps not so eager, which makes it all the funnier! Well, here is a game which I have tried, and which I can say with certainty is just splendid. It is called

"Tease Thy Neighbor"

This is a solitaire game. All you need is a newspaper, preferably a voluminous one. Now for the game.

First choose a seat one-half of which is occupied. It adds to the game if the seat ahead of you is also occupied. Select a place next the window, on the sunny side. This will be easy, as commuters always leave the "places in the sun" for late-comers.

You start the game by crowding into the seat, locking knees with the occupant and, if possible, stepping on one or both of his feet. Do this politely or the game may end then and there.

While still standing remove your overcoat. You can have packs of fun doing this, enveloping your neighbor in the folds and snatching it away as you say, in your best manner, "I'm sorry."

Now sit down and unfold your paper, introducing a little elbow work as you do so. If your seat-mate's coat is spread out, sit on as much of it as your wheelbase will cover, pinioning him. It is now his turn to do something unless he wishes to remain anchored.

Next open your paper as far as it will go. You will find that it will reach all the way across the seat, and by clever manipulation you can keep your playmate smothered during most of the journey.

Between turnings of the pages practice some shade exercises. When you see that your companion is enjoying a good light, lower the shade so that he will be in darkness. When his eyes have become accustomed to this, raise it suddenly and blind him.

By now he may show signs of boiling over. If so, turn away and devote yourself to the man ahead of you, running one edge of your paper across his neck or, perhaps, by a deft movement of the wrists, tipping his hat over his eyes. Really, it is the greatest sport.

As you finish the sections of your paper crumple them and throw them on the floor. The average paper will soon form a drift six feet deep. The noise of the crumpling also adds a lot to the fun.

You are now nearing the end of your journey. Rise quietly, fold your overcoat over your arm, press the mass of paper down on the face of your companion and vault lightly over him into the aisle. If you can reach the platform before he digs himself out, you win.

In my next article I will describe the game of "Scrambled Legs," which is a round game, played by four people in seats facing each other.

George S. Chappell.

"WHY DO YOU QUARREL SO MUCH WITH YOUR WIFE?"
"WELL, I MUST SPEND SOME TIME AT HOME, MUSTN'T I?"

"SAY, MA, WOULD YOU MIND HOLDIN' MY END FOR A MINUTE? I'VE GOT A DATE OUTSIDE TO LICK A GUY."

All Tastes Supplied

"LET'S go to see some vaudeville." "All right. Where's the nearest motion picture theatre?"

SOPHISTICATION is the art of admitting that the unexpected is just what you anticipated.

MARCH 18, 1926 VOL. 87. 2263

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor* CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor* LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

JUST now more people are interested in Prohibition than in anything else. General Andrews, a good soldier-man, who is at present at the head of Prohibition enforcement, would like to have an inquiry made into current Prohibition by a committee appointed by the President. General Andrews feels that an inquiry should be made by persons outside of Congress, of such ability, integrity and judgment that the public would have complete confidence in their findings.

Mr. Mellon is not in favor of General Andrews' plan, but thinks Congress had better investigate, because if Congress reaches a conclusion about Prohibition, it can do something about the Volstead act, whereas General Andrews' committeemen of integrity and judgment would have no power to do anything even if they persuaded themselves that something ought to be done.

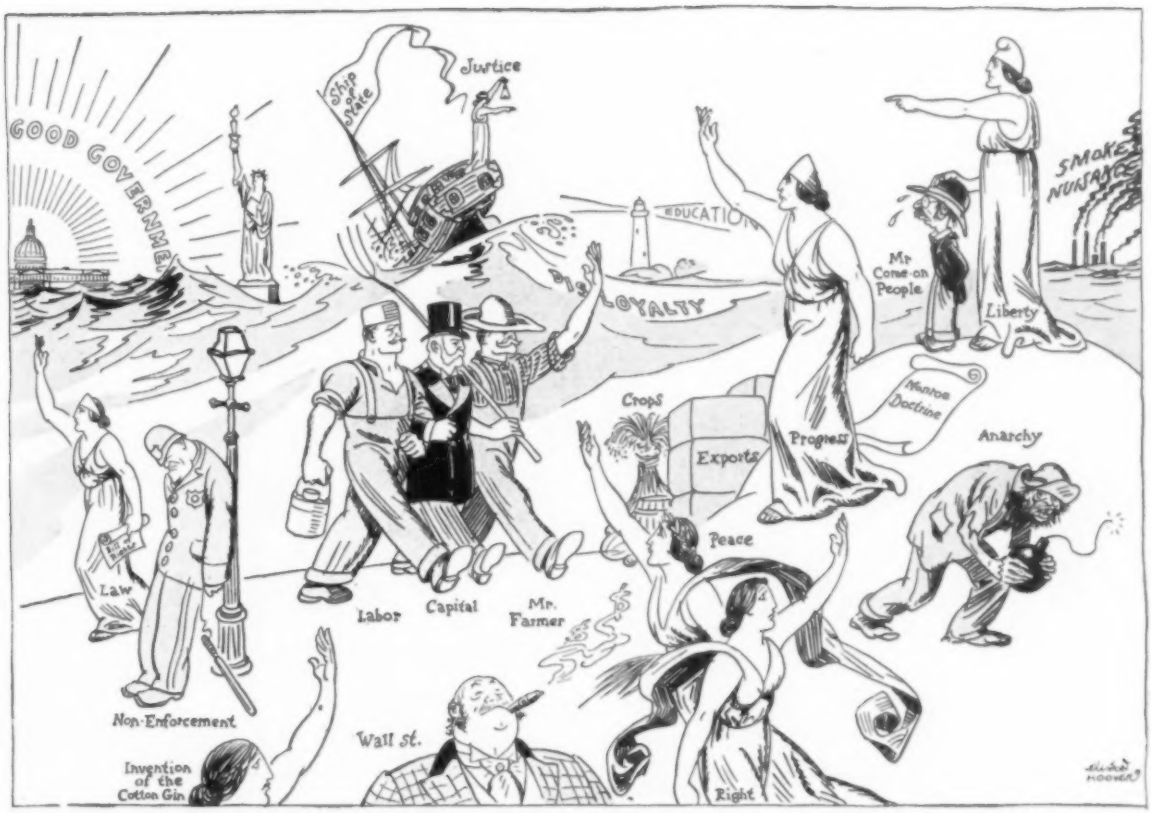
PERHAPS Mr. Mellon doubts that such persuasive committeemen exist as General Andrews wants, but our Governor, Alfred Smith, in his efforts to protect and develop the water rights of the State of New York and otherwise improve its government, has really got back of him two such men as General Andrews would want on his committee. One of them is Charles Hughes; the other, Owen Young. Judge Hughes is opposed to Governor Smith in politics. Mr. Young's business interests as one of the managers of the General Electric Company seem to conflict a little with Governor Smith's proposal about water power. Yet they both back the Governor and say what he wants to do is about right. Certainly New York has a good Governor and it is a pity that some way cannot be found to pay him a suitable salary, but it cannot be done except by an amendment to the Constitution.

THE DEBT SICKNESS

Russian Ruble (to French Franc): OF COURSE YOU WON'T LIKE IT—BUT IT HELPED TO PUT ME ON MY FEET!

IT was in the papers the other day that Mr. McAdoo had let on that he was out of the competition for the next presidential candidate of the Democrats, unless indeed Governor Smith should run, which might bring him back. If Governor Smith runs, the main issue at first will be that he is a Roman Catholic. And just by way of cleaning up an important subject it would be nice if the more serious magazines should put their searchlights on the precise facts, if there are some, that seem to make Roman Catholics inexpedient as candidates for President. The objection to them for that office is not a religious objection but a political one. Very few voters understand it at all. All they understand is that there is a prejudice against Catholics as candidates for President, and that it would be very hard to overcome it, but what the claims of the Papal Church are, and how much danger there is in them, if any, not many of them know at all. Perhaps, if they did know, their judgment on the subject would be a little improved, but Heaven knows it is a good deal such a case as Secretary Mellon sees Prohibition to be, in that no conclusion on the subject by wise men would make much difference.

GOVERNOR SMITH wants the legislature at Albany to create a crime commission that shall investigate and explain why crime is so extremely prevalent hereabouts. Robbery and murder are the daily bread of the newspapers. If the legislature can do anything to put the papers on short rations in these particulars, the public will be grateful. The stories are pretty good: murder and sudden death run through



THE COMBINED BIGGER AND BETTER CARTOON, RETAINING THE OLDEST FEATURES OF ALL

them distributing thrills; but not even a casual benefit to periodical literature or the movies is enough to justify the present supply of crime.

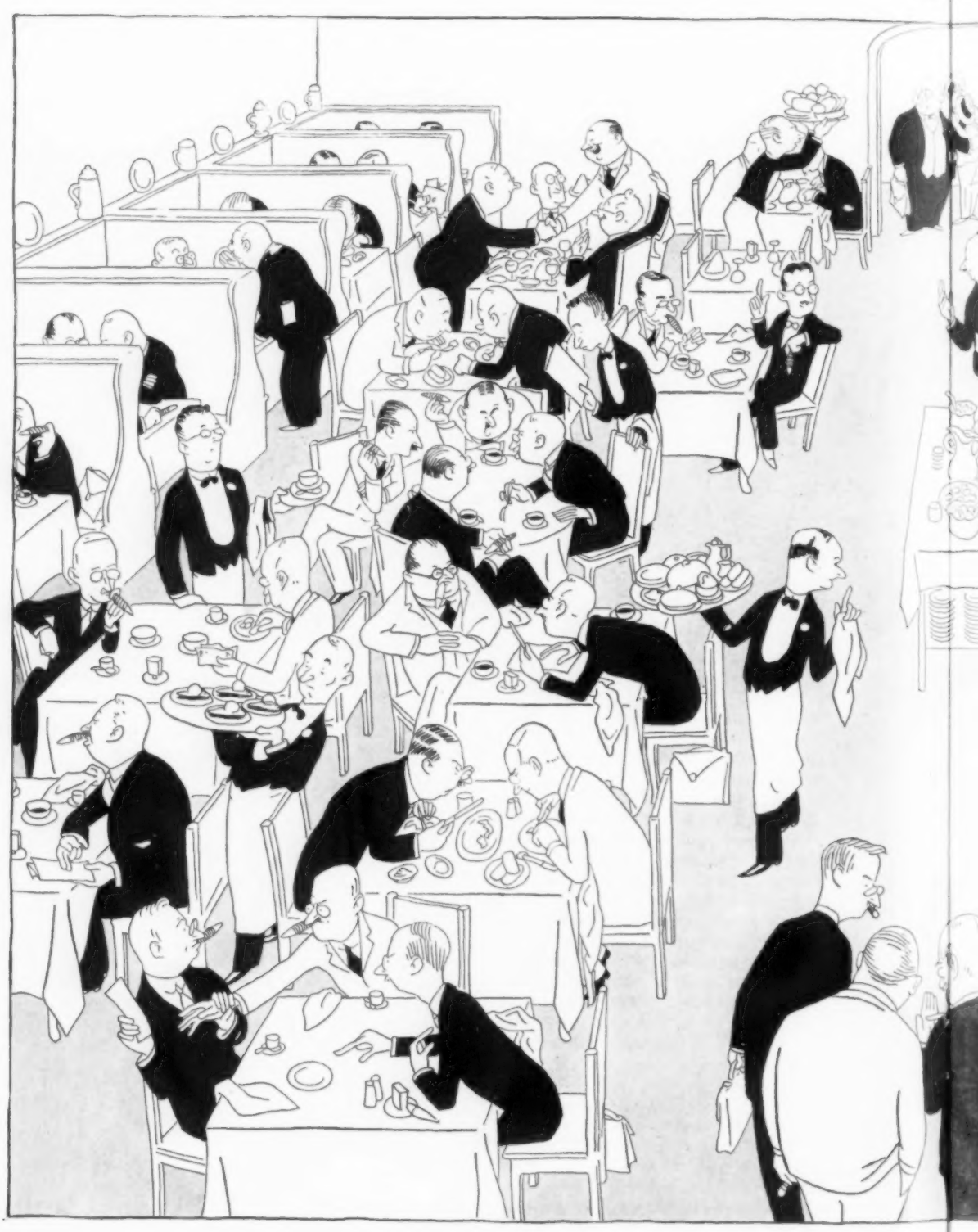
THE State of Pennsylvania wants the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, to come home and run for Governor. Here's hoping that it will get him. Our obligations to Pennsylvania for resuming our anthracite coal supply would be appropriately met by letting the State have Mr. Davis back to rule over it.

IT is in the news that Mrs. Ferguson, the Governor of Texas, is about to run again for office to justify her husband and clear up his reputation. Texas nowadays is quite queer. One would think that it had spent as much of its reputation as it could spare in its vindication of Governor Ferguson's husband, and that it might very well in its next state election elect some one for Governor who would stand for mere political sanity. It might even run Colonel House, who used to know Texas politics pretty well and seemed to exercise a beneficial influence on it. At this writing Colonel House's book is out and he is on his way to Egypt, Palestine and points East, and possibly will settle down for a while in Jerusalem, Damascus or even Constantinople until discussion of his published papers has lulled a little. But more likely he will come home in April as usual, and really, if he should see a field for benevolent activity in Texas it might be a good thing, for Texas is a great State, big, rich and bursting with new life and all the possibilities of the new era, but curiously afflicted nowadays in its politics.

STOCKS show a propensity to slump, but gratification that the stock boom is over at last may send people back to Wall Street to buy something, and spoil it all by making a new boom. People reputed to be wise about such things seem to think the condition of the country is pretty good. By cutting a foot or two off the bottom of their skirts the girls have embarrassed the textile manufacturers, but happenings of that sort usually find their cure before long, and even now the fabricators of silk stockings must be prospering. No prudent person would say that there is ever anything final about women's clothes, but no more in these times does one see anything final anywhere. Every detail of life is on the trek.

SIR HENRY LUNN, once a medical missionary in India, but who subsequently made a fortune in the tourist business, lately disclosed as he passed through New York that he was going to turn in all his money to an incorporated society to help save the world. He is on his way around the world to look it over before he saves it.

Since Sir Henry seems to be a good man, he will probably not take it amiss if we confide to him that you cannot save the world very much with money. If that could be done Young-John Rockefeller and Henry Ford would have ransomed every sinner some time since, and have brought on a working millennium. *E. S. Martin.*



The Business M

siness Men's Lunch

Crying Again

WE must state right at the start of this review of "The Wisdom Tooth" that we liked "Mary Rose," which may give you some idea of what kind of old softy we are. "Liked" is a bit weak. We were completely washed away by "Mary Rose." And not since then have we been constantly on the verge of tears for no reason at all at a play; that is, until "The Wisdom Tooth" came along.

Not that it is a sad play. It is quite gay, in fact. It is billed as a "fantastic comedy," and tells the story of a weak-kneed little clerk who goes back to his boyhood to learn the lesson of self-reliance from the kid that he used to be. With this new courage he comes back to his job and asserts himself on an entirely quixotic issue, with the result that he is fired. But, as his little former-self had said to him in a similar crisis, "What do you care?" And the curtain comes down with *Charlie Bemis* not caring.

THE author of "The Wisdom Tooth," Marc Connelly, has hitherto been known in collaboration with G. S. Kaufman as a fabricator of advanced satire on America, especially American business. The epithet "wise-cracker" has also been used in reference to his work. In "The Wisdom Tooth" there is an absence of sophistication which is startling from an American playwright. It is so simple in its dialogue as to be downright elementary, and, with the exception of a scene in the last act showing three business clerks in conference on world affairs, there is no reference at all to the low state of originality in the American mentality. It is as if Mr. Connelly, on the road to Damascus, had heard a voice calling him "Paul."

WINCHELL SMITH has trained together a remarkable cast for "The Wisdom Tooth." For the head clerk, *Charlie Bemis*, there could have been no one else in the world but Thomas Mitchell. And a great deal of our desire to cry on practically no notice at all was due to the presence of Master Edwin Philips as *Skeeter*, the Bemis boy. (We are crying now.) God knows that we are as bitter against child-actors as any one, and we tremble to think of what might have happened to some of Mr. Connelly's scenes in the hands of any other boy. We have a sneaking suspicion that one of the reasons why *Skeeter* affected us so is a reason which we have in common with most men who will see the play, and that is a feeling that he is something like ourself at that age. For we, too, were an awfully nice little kid—and we can prove it. Write to Mrs. Charles H. Benchley, Worcester, Massachusetts, if you don't believe it.

We have taken up so much space for "The Wisdom Tooth" because we believe that it is a very fine and beautiful play, and if you don't think so it doesn't make the slightest difference to us.

JUST to snap out of this sentimental mood, let us consider "The Night Duel," Marjorie Rambeau's current misfortune.

This is a story of that Great Choice which comes so often to a woman on the stage, to be at a certain bachelor's diggings at eight-thirty ready for Worse than Death or to see her husband in jail. Some night one of these women is going to say: "All right. Send him to jail." Then we shall see.

Miss Rambeau, however, shows up on the dot at eight-thirty at the diggings (naturally Felix Krembs'), and by a clever ruse involving getting into bed with all her clothes on, accompanied by a big revolver, manages to save something out of the wreck. Her husband is, however, naturally hard to convince. There is probably no tougher job in the world than to convince one of these fine, upstanding young husbands that his wife was working only in his interests.

There is also that favorite off-stage character, the bank examiner who is due to-morrow. Frankly, we didn't wait for him.

Robert Benchley.

Rhymed Reviews

The Perennial Bachelor

By Anne Parrish — Harper & Bros.

IT wasn't Victor's fault, you know,
That he was selfish, weak and silly;
The female household made him so—
His mother, Maggie, May and Lily.

Alert to note his lightest whim,
Obey his will and never falter,
They sacrificed their hearts to him
And meekly bowed before his altar.

The widowed mother, pledged to wed
A wealthy suitor well-connected,
Dismissed the man and cut him dead
Because her baby boy objected.

Then Maggie sent away her mate,
Just like her fond and foolish mother,
And didn't even hesitate—
How could she leave her darling brother!

So three old maids and one old boy
Kept grayly going down the ladder,
Cut off from every deeper joy,
Still growing older, poorer, sadder.

Till May committed suicide
And braver Maggie died of cancer;
But Victor still is Lily's pride,
A queer old beau;—and what's the answer?

That sacrifice is mighty grand,
And self-surrender most enticing,
But martyrs ought to understand
How much and whom they're sacrificing.

A modern Cato, anyway,
Would see them whipped before the lictor—
That Mother, Maggie, Lily, May—
Because of what they did to Victor.

Arthur Guiterman.

Ambition

"WHAT would yo' do wif fifty million dollahs, Mose?"

"Go 'way wif such foolish questions, man—Ah'd jes' read, dass all."

"Jes' read? Yo' crazy! Read what?"

"Bill o' fares, Jeff'son, bill o' fares."

SEVERAL of our Cabinet Members and Senators were heard to speak kindly of Lithuania the other day.... And now the natives are all out prospecting for oil.

A SNARE AND A DELUSION

That's for Remembrance

PETER NEELEY DOUTHRIGHT was notoriously, persistently and chronically absent-minded. He forgot to kiss his wife each morning. He forgot to get gas. He forgot the appointment to go to the dentist. He forgot that the doctor ordered him to quit smoking. But one thing he did remember—that fellow who sold genuine Canadian Club at six dollars a quart was named Preston Okley Rohweiddersky, he hung out at number 5623 Nitchburg Avenue, and his telephone number was Central-Main 57834, on Thursdays between two and four.

SLOGAN for the five-and-ten in Miami: "Positively nothing in this store over $10."

A LONG FELT WANT

Mother: WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL, DEAR?
"WELL, I JUST THINK I'D LIKE TO GIVE GOD A VACATION."

"WELL, MAYBE YOU MIGHT HAVE TO GET A NEW BUCKET."

Nightmare of an Omnivorous Magazine Reader

RISE in the world by eating yeast cakes. Send no money. We will mail you this splendid life raft absolutely free. Sell it in spare time. You can earn $10,000 a year by amusing yourself under our free instruction cartooning plan. Look, Mabel; a fifty-dollar raise! The boss heard I had been taking the **Forget**-me-not Memory Course at night instead of wasting my time at the movies. Thousands are dead and do not know it. Give your boy an air rifle—now! Let us mail you this Swelter ulster absolutely free. Wear it a week or we will refund your money. Girls! Let us find you a husband. Unlimited samples in stock. Prompt attention to mail orders. Imagine being cast away on a desert island with the woman whose grandmother had ruined your great-uncle's life 'neath the willows of old Virginia. Read this virile, savage recital of pristine passions in the November *Whizzo*, on all news-stands September first. Don't shout; I can hear you perfectly. She was a proud princess, he a humble plumber. Fate enmeshed them in a diabolical web of intrigue that tangled the destinies of six nations and two hungering hearts. Bust control in seven lessons guaranteed or money back. Throw away that truss!

Lloyd Mayer.

"WHAT do you think will be the future of the flapper?"

"Worrying about the flapper of the future."

NOW YOU TELL ONE

"WHAT'S the idea of the fancy tip?" said the Night Club waiter. "You must be crazy. Why, a dollar is plenty for the service I give you. Here, take the rest back."

Forgotten Questions

"WHAT'LL you have, Bill?"

"Honey, may I take you to prayer meeting Thursday evening?"

"Boss, may I have your office key so I can finish my work to-night?"

"Daddy, may I have a penny?"

"Aw, Mother, can't I stay up till nine o'clock?"

"Wonder if I should blow myself to a fifty-cent dinner."

"A-are y-you sure your f-f-father likes me, d-dearest?"

"Good grief, Agnes! Do you think I'm a bank and can afford to buy you an eight-dollar hat?"

"Am I the only girl you ever loved?"

"Who is Sylvia?"

"Who won the war?"

"May I kiss you?"

"Mamma, what's a swear?"

Arthur Larson.

Elimination

WHEN a woman motorist holds out her hand, then you can be certain that she is either going to turn to the right, turn to the left or stop.

Life and Letters

"THREE KINGDOMS," by Storm Jameson (*Knopf*), is the contribution of one of the most interesting and worthwhile of the younger English novelists to the contemporary omnipresent question of whether a married woman can successfully and justifiably have a career outside her own home. It has long been the opinion of this department that a married woman is entitled to a career if it comes handily enough not to rock the domestic boat, but it has been equally long a mystery just why a woman with a good husband, a proper establishment and lovely children should want to go out into the competitive marts and, under every handicap imaginable, try to beat men at their own game. None of the novels I have read on the subject so far has solved the problem. Miss Jameson happily does not attempt to solve it. She merely tells what happened to one girl who tried to rule in three provinces. Enough happened to make a good story, which is excellently told.

Miss Jameson has achieved a triumph in her characterization of *Laurence Storm* in that she allows her to be utterly horrid and distasteful to the reader for the first hundred pages or so, and then gradually to awaken so much sympathy through her own words and actions that the injustices heaped upon her seem almost unbearable. It was due to *Laurence's* sheer cleverness that she refrained from using her sex in business and thereby rose to the directorate of a great advertising agency, but it is almost beyond the bounds of human belief that a twenty-eight-year-old female with the most damning evidence against the Hell-hath-no-fury-like variety of woman who is persecuting her should not use it when haled by the latter into open court. There were moments when I longed to step into the pages and tell *Sir Edward Mainwaring* all about those letters which *Caroline Foster Scott* wrote to *Martin*.

The portions devoted to *Laurence's* career are excellently handled, so that the fascination which the advertising profession held for her is plausible. The revelations on the intimate and personal sides are not quite so clear.

It might be added, although no moral is needed to adorn so good a tale, that *Laurence* had to let her career slide.

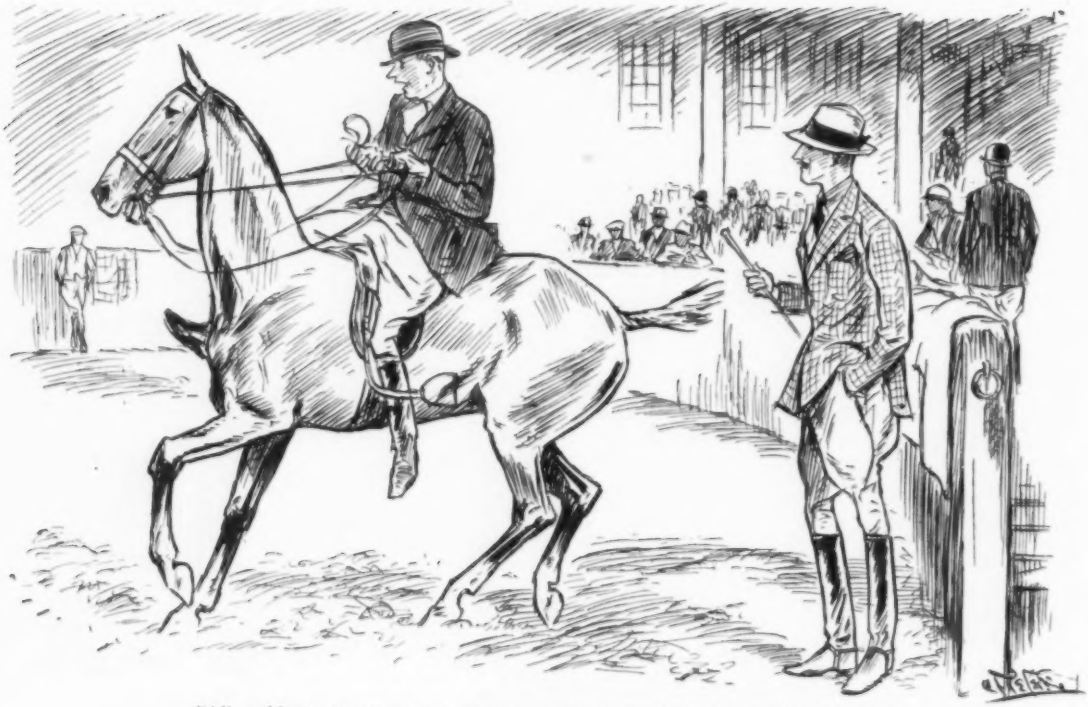
ANOTHER type of woman decidedly mysterious to me is the social climber, but they tell me that numerous specimens exist in the confines of Manhattan and the more glamourous of its adjacent resorts. For what the academicians would call the absolute low-down on this peculiar species I commend you to "Tinsel," by Charles Hanson Towne (*Appleton*), which deals with the adventurings of *Mrs. Elijah Potter-Nesbit* from her last annual appearance as Miss Columbia in the Independence Day festivities of Eureka, Ohio, to the day after her great Newport ball to which almost everybody but the mighty *Mrs. Presterwaite* came. It is well known that one or two present-day *nouveaux-riches* families are aided in their efforts by indigent gentlewomen not unwilling to barter introductions and contrive invitations, and how these enterprising ladies proceed slowly about their business is set forth in "Tinsel." The march from Eureka to Newport, with one seasonal stopover at Palm Beach, is cautious, but triumphant. And then, with her goal within her grasp, *Mrs. Potter-Nesbit* discovers that the game is by no means worth the candle, and the story ends on a kind-hearts-are-more-than-coronets note which I'm sure Mr. Towne sounded with his tongue in his cheek.

EXCLUSIVE PORTRAITS

MICHAEL ARLEN TALKING THROUGH HIS GREEN HAT

IF you want to find out what some college boys are really up against, you must read "Glitter," by Katherine Brush (*Minton, Balch*). The author has followed the famous illustrated injunction to catch the reader's interest in the opening paragraph by starting her story with an imperative "Kiss me again!" From then on it is just one thing after another for *Jock*, her hero, who at the moment is petting *Molly* in the limousine of an unaware dowager. When he gets back to the dance floor he sees *Yvonne*, vaguely described by the stag line as "a girl from New York," who fails to fall into any of the

(*Continued on page 37*)



Riding Master: YOU MUST TRY AND KEEP THE HORSE BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.

The First Night

THE insulted and incredulous expression on the face of the man in the box-office when asked if he has any seats left downstairs. The gentleman on the sidewalk who can let you have a pair of dandy seats for twenty dollars. The two in the last row, extreme right, $7.70 apiece, got from the ticket agency. The packed house and chaos in the aisles. The fat man and his lady friend who have been sold the same seats as yours. The stir caused by the entrance of some movie actors; a woman just acquitted of shooting her husband; some more movie actors; a prominent bootlegger. The lack of ventilation. The people who climb in over you. The stir caused by the entrance of the *Ladies' Underwear Gazette* dramatic critic. The haughty usher who discovers that you're in the wrong seats. The frantic pounding, clanking and rumbling back-stage. The pale, wild-eyed youth pointed out to you as the author. The stir caused by the entrance of some movie actors, some vaudeville actors, some legitimate actors and a prominent cloak-and-suit king who never misses a first night. The endless aeons of waiting for the curtain, which rises at half-past nine. The feverish applause greeting the entrance of each individual actor of the piece. The ominous silences and husky prompting from the wings. The acute realization that the play is so much tripe. The haunting knowledge that for $15.40 you could have bought an excellent pair of badly needed shoes. The well-known tired feeling and determination to leave at the end of this act. *Robert Lord.*

"'LO, ZIS THE PLAZA HOTEL IN BOSTON?"
"NO, SIR—BILTRITZ IN NEW YORK."
"THANKS. I JUS' WOKE UP AND I WANT TO LOCATE MYSELF."

All That You Remember of "Remember"

REMEMBER ta-da, ta-da,
ta-da, ta-da-da, Remember?
Remember, ta-da, ta-da, ta-da,
ta-da-da, Remember?
Tootle-to-to, to-to, to-to.
Tootle-to-to, to-to, to-to.
Ta-da-da, ta-da, ta-da, ta-da,
but you forgot to Remember.

Going the Limit

BESSOB: Do you forgive your enemies?

NILFORD: I even forgive my friends!

The Prohibition Enforcement Officer

THE SILENT DRAMA

"La Bohême"

AN exceptionally formidable array of talent was involved in the production of "La Bohême," including King Vidor, who directed "The Big Parade," Lillian Gish, who needs no introduction to readers of the *American Mercury*, John Gilbert, whose romantic fire added so much of brilliance to "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow," Renée Adoree, who played the French girl, and Karl Dane, who played the slim corporal, in "The Big Parade," Roy D'Arcy, the elastic villain of "The Merry Widow," Edward Everett Horton, of "Beggar on Horseback," and an attendant train of assistant directors, continuity and title writers, camera men and technicians who have proven their worth in past productions.

The result of this combined effort is a picture that, in almost every respect, misses fire.

HAVING demonstrated, in "The Big Parade," that he can deal in brutal realism and coarse humor, Mr. Vidor has chosen to develop "La Bohême" as a wistful, ethereal romance—just a tiny wisp of star dust, blown down from the heights of Montparnasse. He has taken great pains to establish the fact that none of his characters is real, and his backgrounds conform to the best operatic traditions of artificiality.

In theory, this may be the correct approach to a venerable romance like "La Bohême"; in practice, it doesn't work. "La Bohême," as it is revealed on the cold surface of the screen, alternates between silliness and plain boredom.

The silliness is evident in the gay scenes of Bohemian life, with the four giddy, irresponsible students rollicking, romping and playing mad pranks in a manner embarrassingly reminiscent of those fun-loving youngsters, the Rollo Boys. The same juvenile spirit pervades the love scenes between Miss Gish and Mr. Gilbert, in one of which they chase each other mischievously through a typically French eucalyptus grove. This particular episode is heightened immeasurably by the presence, in the orchestra, of a bird whistle such as is used in burlesque shows to herald the coming of spring.

Miss Gish, as *Mimi*, is marvelous in the more tubercular moments, and those who see "La Bohême" will not soon forget her harrowing struggle to climb back to Montmartre to die. In her amorous passages, however, the divine Lillian is just the least bit offensive.

As *Rodolphe*, John Gilbert is wrong most of the time—and there is a pronounced lump in my throat as I say that. He is one of the really fine, sensitive actors of the movies, but he must remember that the cardinal virtue—the virtue which distinguished his own work in "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade"—is restraint.

Renée Adoree is extremely good in a minor rôle, and the photography is beautiful.

"Mare Nostrum"

HAVING indicated last week that I liked "Mare Nostrum," I am compelled to add at this time that I seem to be the only one (of the professional observers) who did.

When I had finished reading the Ibañez novel on which Rex Ingram's picture is based, I felt that I had been wallowing around twenty thousand leagues under a sea of words. I was saturated with fine Spanish phrases. Consequently, I approached the picture, "Mare Nostrum," with a certain degree of apprehension.

Instead of the expected dullness, I found that Mr. Ingram has imparted to this story a great deal of legitimate beauty and a surprising degree of dramatic strength. "Mare Nostrum" is always interesting to watch; at times, it generates an emphatic thrill.

Much of this is due, undoubtedly, to the fine work of the cast, which includes Alice Terry, Antonio Moreno and some local talent recruited by Mr. Ingram in Europe. Every rôle, from the principal characters down to the lowliest members of mobs, is played with a fine fervor, giving a quality of collective emotionalism to the film which adds much to its vitality.

REX INGRAM has almost no narrative sense—which accounts for the numerous lapses in continuity and logic in all his productions—but he is a real master of the art of pictorial expression. In "Mare Nostrum," he has made scenes of submarine warfare that are terrifyingly realistic.

I sincerely hope that he won't quit (as he has frequently threatened to do) and go into refined retirement. He is badly needed in what is facetiously referred to as the motion picture "game."

"Oh, What a Nurse!"

IT has been drawn to my attention that there is now current a motion picture comedy, in which Syd Chaplin appears, entitled "Oh, What a Nurse!" the original story for which was composed by two contributors to LIFE.

In view of the friendly interest that I take in all the boys who write for this journal, it is rather difficult for me to render an impartially judicial verdict on "Oh, What a Nurse!" Suffice it to say that Mr. Chaplin himself is more comical than he has been at any time since that memorable moment, in "The Pilgrim," when he discovered that his derby hat was being served as the *pièce de résistance* at a banquet, and observed, with pardonable irritation, "They were *eating* it!"

I hasten to announce that "Oh, What a Nurse!" is not the Great American Movie to which frequent allusion has been made on this page. Nevertheless, in spite of its genesis, it is pretty funny.

R. E. Sherwood.

(*Recent Developments will be found on page* 39)

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AS MONEY CAN BUILD

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80
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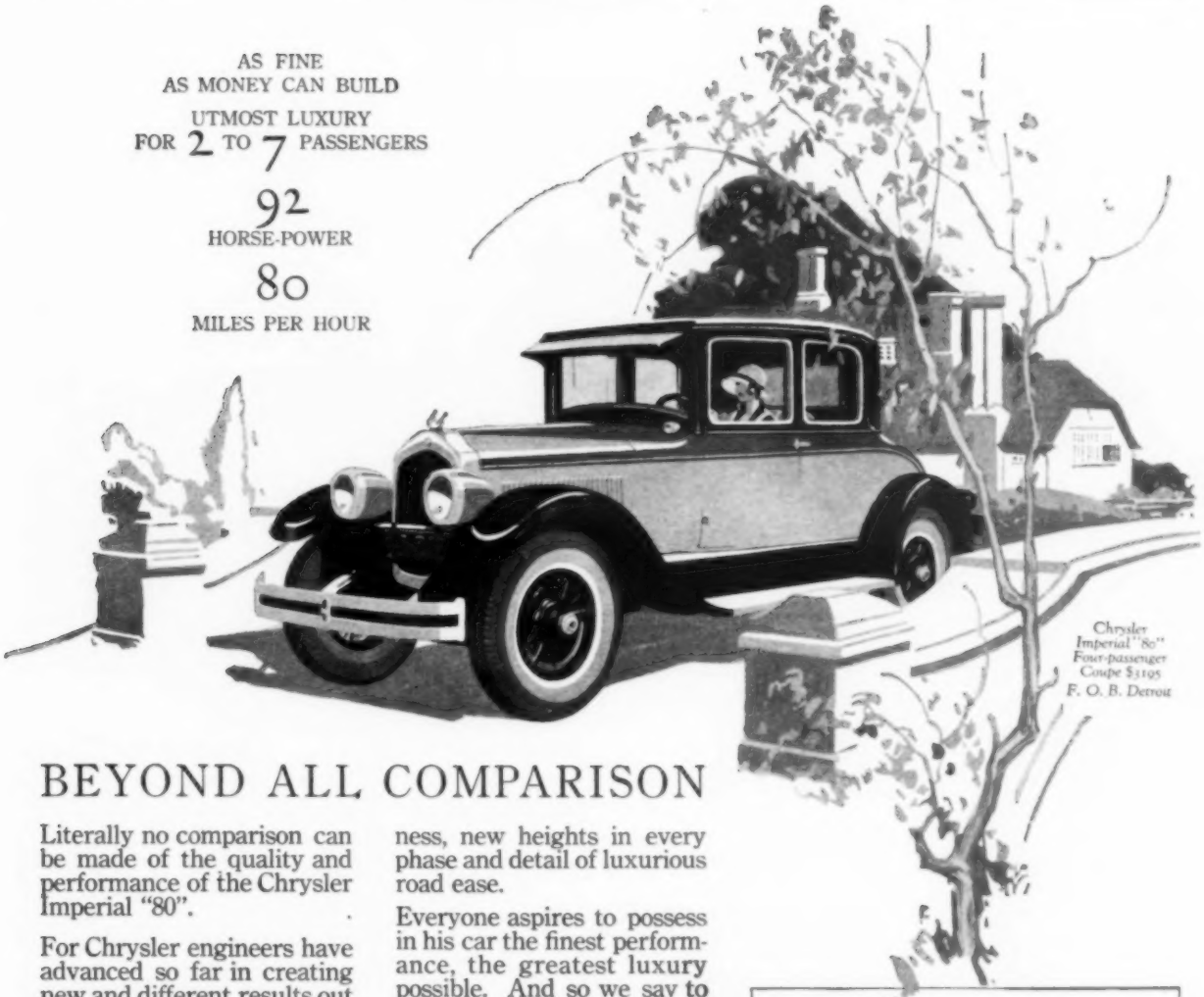

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Literally no comparison can be made of the quality and performance of the Chrysler Imperial "80".

For Chrysler engineers have advanced so far in creating new and different results out of established engineering principles that there is nothing like these new results—and therefore no basis for comparison.

Instead, fine motor cars will be measured henceforth by this new Chrysler criterion, which comprehends a great increase in power, in speed capacity and pliability, a new luxury of operating smoothness, new heights in every phase and detail of luxurious road ease.

Everyone aspires to possess in his car the finest performance, the greatest luxury possible. And so we say to every man and woman who desires to own a car as fine as money can build, you owe it to yourself—no matter what car you may be driving today—to know by actual experience the wonder and charm of the Chrysler Imperial "80"; and 4000 Chrysler dealers are ready to demonstrate the entirely new interpretation which it gives to superfine motoring.

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The New
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

Giddy Gallic

Speaking of mistranslations, the French rendering of "Love's Last Shift" as "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour" is classic. Less well known is the case where the English farce, "Hit or Miss," was billed in Paris as "Frappé ou Mademoiselle." And as rich as any was the French translator's rendering of Barrie's "The Stickit Minister" as "Le Ministre Assassiné."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Kitchenette Apartment

HUSBAND: I don't let to eat dinner in the kitchen!

WIFE: Don't let that worry you—just imagine I'm cooking dinner in the dining-room.—*Le Monde Illustré (Paris).*

"HE's a successful farmer?"

"Yes, he's sold his farm to a golf club."

—*Buffalo Express.*

THE next reform: enclosed bodies for flappers.—*Collier's.*

OH, WHAT A RELIEF!

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

NOTHING grieves a child more than to study the wrong lesson and learn something he wasn't required to learn.

—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Dime Museum Days

George Middleton of Chicago is dead at the age of eighty-four years, and those of us who used to sneak into Kohl & Middleton's Clark Street Dime Museum will feel just a little sad. It was there that we first saw "Mexican Frank he jumps on broken glahss with the bayah feet; and Me and Him the Long and Short of it, Me being eight feet and two inchis in heighth and weighing one-a hundrid and-a one-a pounds, and Him weighing four-a hundrid and-a ten-a pounds and being four feet and six inchis in heighth they box. And those who have seen them say they are very ludikriss indeed."

—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

Sparring Partnership

MAN OF THE HOUSE (*to valet*): Joseph, the doctor has ordered me to take up boxing—and you'll get a lot out of the exercise yourself. Besides, you won't have to do any of the hitting; you'll only be on the receiving end.—*L'Illustration.*

FLORIDA Maxim—Fools rush in where wise men fear to trade.

—*Florida Times-Union.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. $5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, $1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

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Adjoining ancient Spanish capital, Monterey, on the historic Monterey Peninsula, 125 miles south of San Francisco, 350 miles north of Los Angeles.

Announcing the new Hotel Del Monte

THE NEW $2,000,000 main building at Hotel Del Monte opens April 15th. ¶It represents the final word in luxurious hotel design and appointment. Spanish, in both architecture and interior decorative motif the new hotel is richly reminiscent of its California traditions and ideally a part of its setting . . . the historic Monterey Peninsula. ¶The center of a great 20,000-acre private sports preserve, Hotel Del Monte offers you every sport at its best. There are two internationally famous golf courses, one inland at the hotel and the other along the ocean shore at Pebble Beach.

The opening of the new building will be the signal for the beginning of the most brilliant Spring sports and social season Del Monte has ever known. Already reservations are pouring in from all parts of the world. It would be well to make your reservations NOW.

CARL S. STANLEY, Manager

Hotel Del Monte

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Del Monte Properties Company
Crocker Bank Building, San Francisco

Many of America's most distinguished citizens have permanently located at Pebble Beach, distinctive residential colony near Hotel Del Monte. Pebble Beach information may be had from Miss Marion Hollins, Special Representative, Del Monte Properties Company, 277 Park Avenue, New York City.

He (throwing hand down): THE REST ARE OURS—YOU CAN'T TAKE A TRICK.

"GO AHEAD, PLAY 'EM OUT. IT WAS ONLY LAST SUNDAY THAT YOU REFUSED TO CONCEDE ME A SIX-INCH PUTT."

"The Melter"—a remarkable photographic study posed by Salvatore Scorpio, another Gorham Master Craftsman.

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Take a last look at his whiskers.

AT last, after searching the earth for centuries, Diogenes found his honest man making the famous Durham-Duplex Blades. But then he was out of a job. So we asked him to take his lantern and look for men who want an Honest Shave.

And now the old philosopher is forming an organization called the Diogenes Club composed of more than 13,000,000 men who enjoy an honest shave with the Blades Men Swear By — Not At.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Legend

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Descended to the haunts of men,
She thought that possibly she might
  Be gladly welcomed now and then.
She thought of what a grateful tune
  The people loudly would intone
When they discovered what a boon
  Had come to be their very own.

But when the people had received
  The benefits that freedom brings,
Of immemorial chains relieved,
  They went and did the darnedest things!
They rioted and stole and lied,
  And when confronted with their shame,
As with one voice they alibied
  That it was all in Freedom's name.

What Freedom said I shall not quote,
  But men inspired her to observe,
Along with other things of note,
  These simple words: "I like their nerve!"
And when the proper words were said,
  She furled her flag of spotless white,
And, with an unreluctant tread,
  Retreated to her mountain's height.

—*S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Easy as That

Credulity is one of the most engaging attributes of childhood.

During Thurston's levitation trick at the Park Theatre, two boys were discussing the mystery.

"What do you think makes the lady stay up in the air without anything holding her?" one youngster asked.

"Oh, that's easy," the smaller of the two replied. "The man just says a magic word and that's all there is to it. You could do it, too, if you knew a magic word."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Back to Self-Support

The colored janitor had overheard the head clerk ask the boss for a month's vacation, saying he was going to be married.

"Lawsy, lawsy!" exclaimed the old man, shaking his head. "What de worl' comin' to, when a gemmun lak' dat only figgers on his ma'iage lastin' fo' weeks?"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

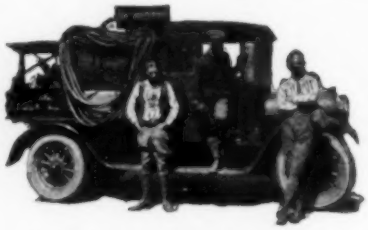
"I SEE by the papers they've got a new serum that'll bring you back to life after you're dead."

"Not for me! I wouldn't take any chances."—*Toronto Goblin.*

"I HAVE only myself to blame."

"Then you have no wife.?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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Parents' Dictionary of Words Frequently Mispronounced

Word	*Pronounced*
LITTLE	Itty; Iddums; Itsy Bitsy
Sweet	Tweetums; Tweetyeety
Child	Duckydaddles; Snookums
Kiss	Tissums
You are	Ums
Sleep	Doe by-bys; doe teepy
Grandmother	Dramma; Meema
Grandfather	Drampa; Bompa
Toes	Tootsiewootsies
Finger	Pinner
Ride	Doe by-bys
Walk	Doe by-bys
Beautiful	Boopums

Baron Ireland.

The Radio Salesman

Before

YES, *sir*...absolutely...take my word for it, you'll be listening to Denver to-night...right in your own easy-chair ...it *can't* go wrong...howl?...don't make me laugh...not a chance of anything happening...send one of the boys over anyway...no, *sir*, absolutely free ...that's what we think of it...certainly...the manufacturers are *big* men ...you've got something that will last a lifetime...it's *got* to please you... satisfaction or nothing is our motto... you heard what it will do, yourself... one like it—my dear sir, they're *all* like it...you go ahead and enjoy yourself with it...let us do the worrying....

After

Yeah...y'don't say...yeah, sometimes they do...yeah...too bad...have y'tried changing the tubes around?...Well, that ain't *our* fault...sure it's guaranteed...against *de*-fects, not against conditions...naw...y'can't...well, well... tough luck...we can't get it either... yeah...y'don't say...five stations... well, five stations ought to be enough... y'can't lissen to more than one at a time...well, our boys are pretty busy now...maybe next week, or week after next...dollar and a half an hour...try shifting the tubes...ya gotta fool around with 'em, y'know...yeah...*too* bad ... yeah ... yeah ... y'don't say... unh-hunh...say, excuse me, will ya, fella, I gotta go talk to a *customer!*

Henry William Hanemann.

Fairy Tale

ONCE upon a time an automobiliste held out her hand to signal for a left turn, and when she reached the intersection she made a left turn.

IT looks very much as if the protagonists of the boyish bob had managed to put it over with a bang.

Naturally preferred

AMONG MEN who can well afford any cigarette they choose, there is a decided preference for Fatimas. They have learned that to pay less is to get less, to pay more, extravagance

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

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The Fifth Year

THEY used to speak of Beauty,
And Art and Drama too—
But now, she talks obstetrics;
He, how to make home brew.

Once, he would quote her Shelley—
She'd play a minuet—
But now, he reads her diets,
While she tunes in the set.

She used to beg for kisses,
And he, for one more dance—
But now, she cries for money,
And he, "Please mend my pants."

That they still love each other
I do not doubt a bit—
But gosh, they'd be embarrassed
If you should speak of it!

Don Knowlton.

WHEN a girl starts to lose interest in her work and talks back to the boss, she is expecting a proposal.

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and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's. 32

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How Time Drags!

AN automobile proceeding at the snail's pace of fifteen miles an hour covers twenty-two feet every second. Yet in this space and time the average taxi-driver

Notes the traffic officer's signal
Avoids a jay-walker
Noses ahead of a mere flivver
Grins and waves to an acquaintance
Scrapes by a street car
Bawls out the motorman
Spots an opening ahead
Casts critical glances on the wearers of short skirts

And is bored with the monotony of his job!

Bill Sykes.

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Keeps Your Hair Neat—Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

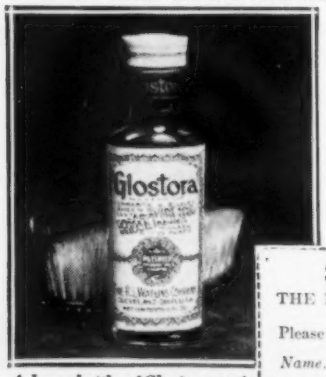
It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

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Something Fairly New

Voices crying through the Hays that hangs over motion pictures assure us that what screen producers want is new ideas. The old plots and the time-honored situations are to be discarded; the demand now is for originality and trueness to life. In response to that demand we submit two plots which have never been used on stage or screen; and they are not wholly untrue to everyday existence.

Derby Day

"GOOD old Nosebag!" crooned Virginia Fairfax, stroking the nose of the sleek brown thoroughbred upon whose speed rested the hopes of her family.

If Nosebag won the morrow's Derby, with its $50,000 purse, all would be well. Dad could meet the last installment on the Ford and Virginia could manage a new party dress.

But how could Virginia be sure of Nosebag's winning? Every jockey at the track was in the pay of Steve Brodit, the gambler, whose Goin' Away was favorite in the overnight betting. If only good old Rastus Johnson could ride—but he couldn't. The doctors still were busy separating him from buckshot, because a near-by farmer could not believe that a colored man was only just foolin' aroun' the chicken run.

Suddenly an idea came to Virginia. Why not ask Ted Cartwright? He was the best gentleman rider in the country, a demon to the hounds. The South did not know a better horseman. And he was madly in love with her, while she—well, it all depended on the outcome of the Derby.

It was easily arranged. Ted was only too glad to be of service. He said so in as many words. He was the kind that would say so in as many words.

Derby Day dawned, clear and bright, and afternoon rolled around. The horses were at the barrier. One tense moment before the webbing and then with a leap the thoroughbreds went away, straining for the lead. Nosebag was second, running easily.

When they rounded the turn into the home stretch, Ted urged the grand, game horse on, and nobly it responded. In a few thundering strides, Goin' Away was left behind. Nosebag was ahead.

Suddenly a hoarse cry, a rumble of horror rose from the crowd. Something had happened. But what—what?

Oh! Nothing much!

Ted Cartwright had fallen from his mount. That was all.

At the Last Minute

SQUIRE S. KIN FLINT, whose heart was as soft as a seat in the gallery, grinned fiendishly. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than foreclosing a mortgage; and here he was at it again. He had

A Good Brush *or* what have you

$4.00 Mennen Lather Brush for $1.25

I had an old lather brush. It was worn and weary. Its bristles were down to less than an inch. It was an antique, and had that kind of odor. But I could work it. That's because I use the product I sell—Mennen Shaving Cream.

A new brush seemed indicated. I bought one. I bought some more. Home-make and import. From $2.50 up—way up. My ambition was not to make a collection, but I succeeded, yes sir, as if with grim determination. None of 'em would do.

Then we developed the Mennen Lather Brush. Oh, man! It's the real thing. Soft and silky. Won't prick the skin. Works up the lather quickly, richly and plenty. I never knew there was so much lather in the world. Spreads smoothly over the cheek area and snuggles into the corners, too. Easily the equal of any $4-priced brush—if not better. I buried the old brush, with tears in my eyes, and buried it deep.

We first put the new brush in our Mennen for Men Gift Box last Christmas. It went like hot coffee in camp. So I got Mr. Mennen to let me sell 100,000 at the special price of $1.25. They'll sell like Mennen Shaving Cream.

Send me a section of a Mennen Shaving Cream carton showing the trade-mark and $1.25 and I'll mail you yours. Your money back if you don't think it's a bargain. The 100,000 won't last long in our factory, but they'll last a whale of a while in 100,000 bathrooms.

* * *

You've been using Mennen Shaving Cream and Mennen Talcum for Men ever since they captured the preference of millions. You'd rather lose a raise in salary than switch.

But have you tried Mennen Skin Balm—after shaving? Gives a tingle, then cooling comfort—brisk, refreshing, antiseptic. Comes in tubes—no bottles to break. Makes the skin look and feel 100%. Try spending 50c for a big tube. I'll ship you four bits if you are not happy.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

three more to foreclose that day, but he expected to be through with the present job by eleven-thirty, which would give him ample time to finish before six. He was not a union foreclosure, by the way.

To him it mattered little, except perhaps as amusement, that Paw and Maw Herring were crying as the husky deputy sheriffs carried their furniture from their home and deposited it against the chicken coop.

Their little house of happiness was crumbling to earth. (*Note to director: This is metaphoric, of course.*)

For them only one hope remained. Their son—young Joe Herring—might appear in the nick of time and save them. They had wired him to come home. And the ten-twenty-seven from New York might have brought him. The thought buoyed them, even in their great trouble.

Presently a messenger boy was seen pedaling furiously over the hill. (This is a novel touch.) He came on, reached the farmhouse and dismounted.

Paw Herring ran to meet him and almost before the messenger touched feet to earth, the old man had seized the yellow envelope. Trembling, he tore it open and read:

GLAD TO COME. WIRE TWENTY-FIVE FOR FARE. LOVE. JOE.

James Kevin McGuinness.

IF NOT EQUIPPED WITH BALLOON TIRES, BE SURE TO HAVE A PARACHUTE TOP.

FREE 10-Day Tube

Send the coupon

Don't Believe

your teeth are naturally "off color"

You can give them dazzling whiteness in a few days simply by removing the dingy film that clouds them and imperils healthy gums

BELIEVING your teeth are naturally dull is a great mistake. Science has proved otherwise.

In a few days you can work wonders with your teeth. Can give them whiteness and clearness that amaze. *But not with ordinary brushing.*

It's film that hides pretty teeth and imperils gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating. That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," cloudy and dull.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent is different in formula, action and effect from any other known. A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 281, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 2020

COMPACT

Beauty

Be sure that the *powder* in *your* compact is *absolutely pure.* Roger & Gallet face powders have held the distinct preference of cultivated and beautiful women the world over for more than one hundred years. Compacts now offered in

Le Jade
AND
Fleurs d' Amour

Shaded in *Blanche, Rosee, Naturelle, Rachel,* and other tints.

ROGER & GALLET

Parfumeurs - Paris

709 Sixth Avenue *New York*

Canadian Agency: Emile Mériot
103 rue St. François-Xavier, Montreal

Write for "*Fashions in Fragrance,*" our colorful little book of Parisian toilette specialties. ***Complimentary on request.***

LE JADE

FLEURS D' AMOUR

Ballade of the Irate Parent-Bard

I WAS lord of a third-floor room;
I was king of a cozy cell
Where I wove on my lyric loom
Ode and sonnet and villanelle.
Now my lute am I forced to quell,
Now enthroned in my versery
Rules a ruthless pretender...hell!
They're using my den for a nursery!

Far and safe from the traffic's boom,
Faintly sweet with a Dunhill smell,
Proudly free from the hausfrau's broom,
These the charms of my sanctum—well,
Now the family break the spell:
My moans attract but a cursory
Glance as they rush in and out pell-mell,
They're using my den for a nursery.

Where once resided my facile plume,
Rattles and bottles and cradle dwell.
My furniture, stripped of its sombre fume,
Now bears the palest of pink pastel.
Thus they've converted my citadel
Into a milk disbursery!
Is it a wonder that I rebel?
They're using *my den* for a nursery.

L'Envoi

Prince, pipe down!—that raucous yell
Has shifted my gears in reversery—
Can't you see that I think it's swell
They're using my den for a nursery?

N. D. Plume.

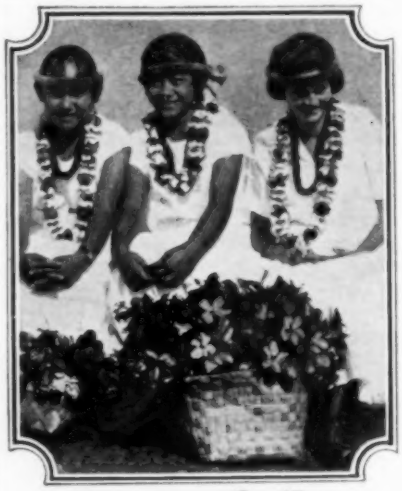
Nell Leaves for the Big City

I WAS pretty young when I left home but I wasn't green. Ma told me everything. I remember her parting words as we stood in the depot in Kokomo and the train was just getting in. "Nell," she said, "promise me one thing. Promise me you'll always keep up your membership in the Campfire Girls." Poor, dear, illiterate, ignorant Ma. I can see her now as she stood there in her old house dress and the run-down shoes she'd been wearing since long before we got the gas stove. Ma was a great believer in the Campfire Girls and donated a pound of fudge to the general fund each year. I swore I would do as she wished. "My child, you make me very happy. This is a very touching moment. Why, it don't seem no time since I used to whale you black and blue with your father's razor strop."

Then the train. I watched as long as I could...

Sometimes I lie awake at night and am haunted by that scene. Dear old Kokomo. If I had only been satisfied. On the train there was a traveling salesman with spats and a fancy vest.

Bob Landry.



Summer Smiles *this* Winter *in*

Hawaii

Smiles bubble in Hawaii!

Come and live among these laughing Hawaiians. Here within easy reach lies an Eden of balmy summer—only 5 or 6 days by queenly ocean liners from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria, B. C.

Book direct through your nearest railway, steamship or travel agency. Four to five weeks and $400 or $500 will give you a vacation that will linger long in memory.

Swimming, surfboarding, golf, deep-sea fishing—endless entertainment. Modern conveniences and comforts; moderate living costs.

For descriptive, colored brochure and detailed information, write now—

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU
227 McCann Bldg., 451 Montgomery St., San Francisco
or 355 Fort Street, Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A.

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"

Round the World *via the Orient*

From San Francisco every Saturday a magnificent President Liner sails for Hawaii, Japan, China, Manila, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston and New York. Every fortnight these liners sail from Boston and New York for the Orient and Round the World via Havana, Panama and California. Commodious, and providing world-famous cuisine. Information from ticket agents or

604 Fifth Ave., New York City
Robert Dollar Bldg., San Francisco

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

Life and Letters

(*Continued from page* 25)

six classifications which he has made to encompass the entire female sex. It is just *Jock's* luck to be obliged to go back to college the next day, but he manages to see *Yvonne* in New York occasionally. The poor boy's infatuation grows apace, and when *Yvonne* talks to him she calls him by both of his names so that her declamations have at times a "Curse you, Dick Desmond" intensity. In the end she has to tell him that she has been this, that and the other all over the night life of New York and that she has for a year been the mistress of the handsome devil who stopped her that day in the restaurant, etc. And then *Jock* goes home to learn that his mother has been running a first-class gambling house for years, so no wonder he always had a big allowance, etc. But it all comes out right in the end. It would.

THE moral of "Fifty Candles," by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*), is that you must be pretty careful about accepting sudden invitations to dinner from people who have no cause to like you and some cause to dislike you, even if you are just off a boat from China and the girl you've fallen for is also going to be present. Because, before you have had even so much as a caviar canapé, you are quite likely to find yourself groping through a fog in search of whoever slew your host in the dining-room. That's what happened to the hero of "Fifty Candles," and that the story is not so good as we might have been led to expect from its author is our misfortune and Mr. Biggers's fault.

Baird Leonard.

Among the New Books

The Hounds of Spring. By Sylvia Thompson (*Little, Brown*). The pathetic history of an English girl who mistakenly thought nothing could happen which would really matter after her fiancé died.

Jericho Sands. By Mary Borden (*Knopf*). A tragic romance of the English countryside, proving that the gamut of the emotions may be run just as easily in the Squire's hall as in the ploughman's cottage, and with much greater interest to the reader.

IT'S NOT GENERALLY KNOWN THAT SAINT PATRICK PLAYED A SAXOPHONE

AMERICA'S BEST-KNOWN SHOES

W.L.DOUGLAS SHOES

WHAT PRICE should you pay to get style, fit and wear at lowest cost?

Each year millions of men decide by choosing W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

Newest styles, good fit, finest workmanship and high quality of leather are offered in W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES *at savings of several dollars per pair.*

Pictured here is one of many new Spring models awaiting your selection at the W. L. Douglas store, or the Douglas dealer in your vicinity.

W. L. Douglas' name and portrait, stamped on every shoe at the factory, guarantee the quality and the value.

Women's Shoes, Too

New Spring models that will delight women who want smart style and best value.

Boys' Shoes, $4.50 & $5.00

The STRUTTER
Tan or Black Calf, Bright Finish

W. L. Douglas Shoes for Men

All Good Values $6 to $8

The Conning Tower Book. (*Macy-Masius.*) Light verse collected from past contributions to Franklin P. Adams's newspaper column, which gives the book its title.

Glass Houses. By Eleanor Gizycka (*Minton, Balch*). Highly artificial light on what passes for the fashionable show in Washington, revealing that Senators and diplomats at play are even duller than at work.

The Seventh Passenger. By MacGowan and Newberry (*Stokes*). A *Jerry Boyne* mystery story of political trickery which should be meat for restful diversion for the great minds who wrestle with our international problems and find no literary solace in the classics.

Why We Behave Like Human Beings. By George A. Dorsey (*Harper*). Interesting scientific analysis of the *genus homo*, which accounts considerably for its author's reputation as a poker player.

Pluck and Luck. By Robert Benchley (*Holt*). You can't help laughing this off.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane (*Appleton*). An excellent reprint of a famous book, with a foreword about the author by Max J. Herzberg which is almost better than the text itself.

B. L.

Buoyant, steady and graceful

THERE'S a joyousness—a sense of absolute freedom about canoeing that comes with no other sport. "What shall we do this summer?" is uppermost in the minds of thousands. Why not let an "Old Town Canoe" help answer the question for you?

You'll be mighty proud of your "Old Town." These canoes are patterned after actual Indian models. Graceful, sleek and fast, "Old Town Canoes" win the admiration of all who see them. Remarkably low in price too. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1926 catalog is beautifully illustrated with all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE Co., 1633 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

Preaching and Practice

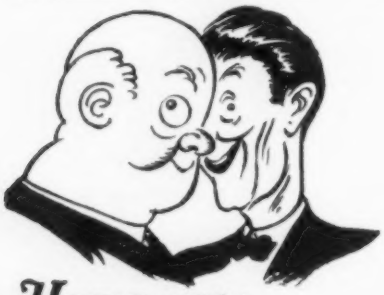
"HOW was that lecturer who was to speak on 'Self-Management'?"

"He didn't come. His manager canceled the date."

EVEN your closest friends won't tell you—that's the insidious thing about the price tag you forget to take off your new hat.

"Two inexperienced men wanted for taxi driving. Apply, etc."
Regina (Saskatchewan) Leader.

WE know just the very men.



Have you heard this one?

A man who got squeezer's cramp, trying to wring the last drop of juice out of a dozen oranges, has made a great discovery.

First he discovered that Seald Sweet Grapefruit juice is a delicious drink and a splendid ingredient, then he invented a way to extract that sparkling juice quickly, easily and thoroughly.

The Seald Sweet Extractor is the result. Clamp it on a table, give the crank a half dozen turns, and every drop of juice gushes into the waiting bowl.

Give your right wrist a rest by adding a Seald Sweet Extractor to your entertainment committee. It works with oranges as well as grapefruit. No modern home should be without one.

And remember, there's ¼ more juice in Seald Sweet fruit.

The Seald Sweet Extractor gets all the luscious juice from each Seald Sweet orange or grapefruit. Its regular price is $3.00—postage prepaid. $3.25 West of the Rockies. We will send it to you for $1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet wrappers.

Check & mail the coupon

The Florida Citrus Exchange
Tampa, Fla.

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. $3.00—$3.25

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. $1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet wrappers.

Name_____

Address_____

This Is the Life!

IT is fine to be poor and obscure,
It makes one so perfectly free!
There's nothing that wealth can procure
That equals this freedom for me;
If I go to the theatre,
Nobody cares;
If I trip over something
And fall down the stairs,
No bunch of reporters
Comes trooping to see
Just how many pieces
They've picked up of me.

If I sail off to sea in a yacht,
And a storm covers all of the sky,
And my boat in the mad swirl is caught,
Why, I'm not even mentioned, not I!
If I go for a joy-ride
In somebody's car,
And gobble my lunch
From a cold pickle-jar,
No newspaper man
Comes snooping around,
To see how I look
When I sit on the ground.

I can paddle my own canoe,
I can skitter around in a flivver,
I can use up a week, perhaps two,
Snatching trout from a beautiful river;
I can eat when I please,
Go where I like,
Loll at my ease,
Or stroll down the pike—
No one cares a rap,
Or labels me "news";
For I'm poor and obscure
And can do as I choose.

Oh, it's fine to be poor and obscure,
It makes one so perfectly free!
There's nothing that wealth can procure
That equals this freedom for me.

N. H. O.

Passing Thoughts

FAME is chiefly a matter of dying at the right moment.

* * *

It has become harder to tell a gentleman since equestrianism has gone out of fashion and one no longer gets a sight of the cut of a man's riding boots.

* * *

The way to be sure of a man's friendship is not to put it to the test.

* * *

Why have I remained a bachelor? I can't say, unless it is that I have always noticed how gay a widow's weeds appear before the paying teller's wicket in a bank.

* * *

That man is the world's incurable optimist; he invariably orders whatever dishes his waiter recommends.

* * *

Bread being the staff of life, cake must be the distaff.

J. K. M.

What an Appetite!

When you don't relish food—whatever your age—you need what this man found he needed. Hearty eaters—hard smokers—high livers—find Stuart's a boon and blessing!

Don't give-in to indigestion. Nor fear the consequences of a hearty meal. Stuart's supplies the alkaline your stomach needs—and stops all sign of sourness, belching of gas, heart pressure.

Full Box FREE!

Every druggist has Stuart's tablets, 25c and 60c. Or, a full box *free* if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 114, Marshall, Mich. Get a metal box of Stuart's for the pocket—and keep it filled! It's *instant* relief.

STUART'S
DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

No Wonder Some Folks Wear Beards!

They haven't heard about Barbasol. They don't know the modern way of shaving. Barbasol—no brush—no rub-in—no smart. Just you try it three times, according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube.
Name.....
Address.....
.....
LM-3-18-26

For Modern Shaving

Our Headache Corner

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

He or she who has a headache—the "headaches," as one might say—usually "takes something" for it.

* * *

Now, don't misunderstand us—we referred to taking a *remedy*.

* * *

Sometimes it's 50-50 whether the effects of the remedy or of the headache are the worse.

* * *

Is there, then, no relief for the headaches?

* * *

Oh, well, if you insist on knowing—the fact is that Kohler-Antidote leaves you feeling fine after a headache.

* * *

Because it isn't a single powerful drug, but is a combination of beneficial ingredients, as the fellow said.

* * *

You can buy about everything except drugs in a drugstore, but for 35 years practically all druggists have sold the right remedy for your next headache.

FOR DANDRUFF
GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair; *free* on request.
It will tell you many things you should know.
Write Dept. P-2,
H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.,
119-121 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

ECZEMA
Relieve that itching, burning torment and start the healing now with
Resinol

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

THE SILENT DRAMA
Recent Developments

(*The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 28*)

Three Faces East. Effective but somewhat antiquated melodrama of German spies in the war.

Dancing Mothers. Won't that jazz-mad younger generation *ever* grow up?

What Happened to Jones. Reginald Denny in a complicated but fairly funny farce.

Partners Again. Another Potash and Perlmutter comedy, but this time the humor is pretty sour.

Moana. A genuinely beautiful picture of the vanishing Samoans, produced by Robert Flaherty.

The Skyrocket. The Countess of Cathcart has been barred from the films, but Peggy Hopkins Joyce seems to be very popular.

The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. Continental fun with Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou, directed by the exceptionally able Mal St. Clair.

The Song and Dance Man. Mild but inoffensive.

Memory Lane. A thoroughly charming small-town romance, directed by John M. Stahl.

The Black Bird. Deep-dyed villainy in Limehouse, with Lon Chaney twisted into some new shapes.

Hands Up. Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy, in one of the big laughs of the season.

The American Venus. Beautiful but dumb.

Mannequin. "If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best show in town." Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mike. No, children, it's not funny any more.

Ben-Hur. One of these days *Messala* is going to surprise the public and win that chariot race.

The Vanishing American. Richard Dix in a Zane Grey story that is sometimes ham.

The Merry Widow, Lady Windermere's Fan, Stella Dallas and **The Big Parade** are all on the "must" list.

R. E. S.

Extracts from an Executive's Glossary

CONFERENCE, obs.; see *Meeting.*

Slant—Any vague idea, notion or "hunch" on any subject. Usually preceded by the pronoun "my."

Thought — Pronounced *thot;* see *Slant.*

Visit with—The act of keeping a man from working by sitting on his desk and telling him dialect stories.

Meeting—A place to "get all tied up in;" see *Visit with.*

Bunk—Anything with which you disagree or which you fail to understand.

Sound Practice—Anything you can understand which has been done before.

Check—The plaintive cry of the Yes-man.

Selling Yourself—The art of letting business acquaintances beat you at golf.

Proposition—Any given proposal, suggestion, method, or what have you; see *Matter.*

S. P.

Foot-Joy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"The Shoe that's Different"

IT is no excuse to say that you are tired at night because you have been on your feet all day. Foot-Joy shoes—the result of over half a century experience in shoe making—have removed that excuse. You will never know you have feet at five o'clock in the afternoon from the day your foot and leg muscles feel the new sense of comfort given by the correctness of Foot-Joy support. Write for the new Foot-Joy Booklet, showing styles for all occasions.

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

THE BURT and PACKARD "Korrect Shape"
And *Anatomic* Shoes for Men
WORLD-FAMOUS IN CORRECTING FOOT DEFECTS
Please send me Booklet offered by you

Name.....
Address..... BL

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

HOW THE ALPS WERE NAMED.

Enthusiasm

I AM a salesman—

I like the phrase "He is in conference," as it means I am dealing with a busy man.

I like to wait an hour or so for a two-minute interview because I am sure to find something of interest in the waiting room to read.

I like those decisive interviews with busy men who turn me down quickly and so give me a chance to call on other busy men.

I like the week I spend calling on my customers around Hickstown, Flowerdale and Minnesquahassett Junction, but often feel I should not accept pay for such a pleasant outing in the country.

I like to travel to small towns where the trains arrive early in the morning. Sometimes the hotel is only a few blocks from the station and if it isn't raining I may see the sunrise.

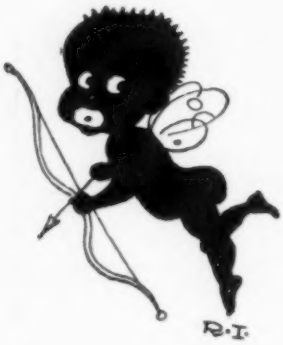
I like the country hotels; especially in winter, with the wholesome coolness of the bedrooms and the two crisp paper towels over the washbowl.

I like to meet my competitors on a deal, and thrill to the generous attitude of the winner in wishing that all the boys could have had his good luck.

I like young purchasing agents.

I like all this—LIKE HELL.

Next Week



shoot straight to the nearest news-stand and bag a copy of the

TROPICAL NUMBER

of

Life

with a glorious, colorful cover by Miguel Covarrubias, and a brilliant array of native wit by the leaders of humorous thought in America.

The TROPICAL NUMBER will be followed, in fast and furious succession, by the EASTER, TRAVEL, CLEAN, BROADWAY, MOVIE and COMMENCEMENT NUMBERS—all of which may be brought to you by judicious use of the little coupon below.

Obey That Impulse

Sign NOW—ten weeks for one dollar—and treat yourself to a pleasant Spring.

LIFE
598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, $1.20; Foreign, $1.40).

.....
(406)
.....
.....

By the Year, $5.00
(Canadian, $5.80; Foreign, $6.60)

PARK TERRACE PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The leading Balloon Tire is

MICHELIN

1 The first public display of balloon tires for small-diameter wheels was by Michelin, Paris, 1923.

2 The first balloon tire to replace cord tires without change of rims was introduced by Michelin, New York, 1923.

3 Today Michelin is one of the largest if not *the* largest maker of balloons.

4 Michelin Comfort Balloons have proved that they average 20% more miles than the *best* oversize cord.

5 They require less air than other balloons (11% less than the official inflation table of the Tire and Rim Association). Hence they ride easier than other balloons.

6 Michelin Comfort Balloons embody the famous Tiger-Grip Tread, the best non-skid tread ever devised.

Michelin also makes oversize cords and the famous Michelin ring-shaped tubes.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

The WEARING OF THE GREEN

— or of any other color — is now almost entirely a question of personal preference. But it is still considered unlucky to wear red to a bull fight or to express one's self in the heraldic colors of Nassau on March 17th.

Gone are the days when the masculine ankle—such as it is—had nothing to wear but black cotton day in and day out, the year round.

The fine fabrics, striking patterns and cheerful colors of Ipswich Hosiery for men offer a variety that would have satisfied the great Beau Brummel, at a price that would have delighted him in even his most thrifty moments.

IPSWICH *De Luxe* HOSIERY

IPSWICH MILLS, *Ipswich, Mass.* LAWRENCE & CO., *Sole Selling Agents*